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INDIAN THEORIES, BLACK AND WHITE.

THE India Bills have answered the purpose of the politician who first started them, in keeping out of sight for the time a number of violently-disputed questions respecting government and policy in India itself. The malcontents and agitators who, fresh from Calcutta or the Mofussil, confidently expected last autumn to carry English opinion by storm, will now have to overcome a general indifference which has been produced, not so much by weariness of interminable discussion, as by doubt of all experiments on India and Indian administration. It is to be hoped, however, that the public mind will address itself to the points which will doubtless continue to be pressed upon it, with at least sufficient energy to comprehend the true objects and motives of those who are clamouring so pertinaciously for a hearing. Up to the present moment, the language of the persons who are demanding radical changes in the management of India exhibits the same extraordinary blending of discordant watchwords and irreconcilable cant which we remember to have noticed nearly a twelvemonth ago, at the commencement of the agitation. Lord ALBEMARLE in the House of Lords, and (we are sorry to say) Mr. BRIGHT in the House of Commons, still mix together the grievances of Young India and the grievances of the Calcutta Association, as if there really were some harmony between them, and as if both were capable of being remedied by the same comprehensive measure. How long are we in England to be in learning that the policy which Anglo-Indian settlers would most spurn and abhor is exactly that policy of gentleness to the native race, and of consideration for native rights, which was recommended by every single speaker who rose on either side of the House of Commons during the ELLENBOROUGH debate? The Indian malcontents wish to have the Hindoo at their feet. The Civil Service protects him, and therefore they detest it. The Company has consistently condemned their projects, and therefore they rejoice at its fall. An influx of Europeans would add to their facilities for agitation, and to their means of resistance to control, and therefore they are clamorous for "colonization." Amid the cloud of idle and irrelevant complaints which fill the Blue-book of the Colonization Committee, three demands alone seem to be seriously and anxiously urged by the emissaries of the Anglo-Indian speculators. They ask that natives should be excluded from the administration of justice. They require that breaches of contract committed by a native should be punished criminally. And they desire that the Indian Government, instead of regarding the rights of subordinate occupiers of the soil, should convert the tenure of land throughout India into Zemindaree or fee-simple tenure.

Englishmen are quite competent to do justice to the first two of these monstrous stipulations; but the third is not quite so shocking to their instincts of equity. Mr. BRIGHT, who would cry anathema on nine-tenths of the Calcutta case, yet expresses his approval of fee-simple tenures as more congenial to the cultivation of the cotton-plant. We are not, of course, going to argue the question of land-settlement, for which the limits of a volume are perhaps too narrow. But this, at least, should be remembered by those who think they can solve it in England. The recognition by the Government of the possessory rights of Village Communities, and the preference given to them by Indian statesmen over the proprietary rights of the Zemindar, had at all events their origin in no egotistical calculation. The form of tenure which prevails in North-Western India was at first advocated, and is still defended, by men who at least intended to promote simply and singly the welfare of the cultivator; and MUNRO, the author of the less fortunate Ryotwar experiment, was one of those men whom not Calumny itself could accuse of self-seeking. But the new

popularity of Zemindaree tenures among indigo-planters and cotton-farmers, is distinctly founded on their convenience to the European speculator. Native interests are quietly ignored by gentlemen who simply tell us that the relations with the Government which any other form of ownership except the Zemindaree requires, are troublesome to them, and make it difficult to recover the value of improvements when the land is sold. Of course, the circumstance that European interests have been solely considered in one view, and native interests in the other, is not conclusive. Selfishness may walk safely where benevolence has slipped, and the Zemindaree settlement may still be the best even for the Hindoo. When, however, one considers what Indian statesmen have been, what infinite pains and study they have bestowed on this question, and how singularly free they have been from disturbing influences in examining it, it is hard to escape the conclusion that the strong presumption is in favour of the official theory. That the principle of a particular form of land-settlement is as old as Indian civilization, and has been approved by men who were marvels of administrative sagacity, is surely some reason for preferring it to Lord CORNWALLIS's imitation of feudalism, which everybody in India had regarded as a gigantic mistake, till the indigo-planters found it convenient and profitable. At all events, if the revenue-settlements of the East India Company are swept away, it will not be on Mr. BRIGHT's ground. Mr. BRIGHT points to the land-revenue, and says that the Hindoo cultivator is cruelly over-taxed. We may be permitted to express our surprise that the champion of Free-trade, the spokesman of the great economical movement of the century, should clearly never have heard that the best authorities on economics are of opinion that the Hindoo cultivator, simply because he supplies the land-revenue, is hardly taxed at all. The payments which make up the land-revenue are not a Tax, but Rent; and unless RICARDO wrote and reasoned in vain, they would, under any system of tenures, be paid by the cultivator to somebody. If the State ceases to be (as at present) universal landlord, the cost of government must of course be provided for from other, and therefore from new, sources.

No aboriginal race has ever yet come directly in contact with Anglo-Saxons, except to its moral and physical ruin. Whenever such a race has been saved from destruction, it has been through the interposition of some powerful corporate body, whose guiding policy was not simply selfish. The English religious societies, by their emissaries at the Cape, in the South Sea Islands and in New Zealand, have preserved the aborigines from oppression, enslavement, or massacre, at the hands of colonists and adventurers of our own blood. But for the London Missionary Society, the Church Missionary Society, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Hottentot, the South Sea Islander, and the Maori would have been as clean swept from the earth as the Pequod or the Narragansett. What the religious societies have been to ignorant fetish-worshipping barbarians, the East India Company has been to the Hindoo—the creature of the false civilization, false knowledge, and false faith of centuries. A sphere too vast and an undertaking too difficult for bodies which, with all their excellences, cannot boast of their statesmanship or pride themselves on a varied familiarity with human nature, devolved on a great association which wedded policy to energy, and which to the virtues of single-mindedness and benevolence added those of tolerance and charity. No more grotesque injustice was ever committed than by Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. DRUMMOND, when they impliedly taxed the representatives of the Company with insulting and oppressing the natives. Practices of insult and oppression are normal in India among the class of gentlemen who give the sort of evidence on native character which may be seen in the new Blue-book

on Colonization. We fear, too, that they have become only too common among military men of both armies. But nobody can breathe the air of India for three weeks without realizing the absurdity of fastening such charges on the civil servants of the Company. If their enemies in England have accused them of ill-treating the Hindoo, it must be in the same spirit of humorous calumny in which an American novelist asserts that he saw the wife of a missionary drawn to church in Tahiti by a team of four Christian converts harnessed to a wheel-chair. When these matters are seriously ventilated in England, it will be found that the civil servants stand between the Hindoo and his European oppressors as distinctly as did LAS CASAS and his monks between the colonists of the Spanish Indies and the unfortunate race which they were grinding into powder.

IRRESPONSIBLE CANT.

THE humours of the mind, among large bodies of men, seem to follow very much the same laws as those which govern bodily disorders. Some new type of disease becomes epidemic from time to time, and, having run its fatal course, wears out and degenerates into a mild and chronic form. The plague is now hardly as serious as influenza, while diphtheritis has become a name more terrible than the small-pox. The spirit of party has lost much of its virulence, and few men are willing to die for the watchwords of Whig and Tory which heated the blood and disordered the brains of other generations. Let us not, however, too easily flatter ourselves that the morbid influences which afflict the political mind are finally subdued, and that the millennium of common-sense has arrived. Unhappily, there is no Board whose office it is to report on the sanitary condition of the public mind. We should like to see the weekly returns of a Registrar-General of the Births, Deaths, and Marriages of the follies amongst which we live. We strongly suspect that the corrected average of absurdity is singularly constant, though the technical sources of infatuation may vary at different periods.

There is a disorder raging at this moment with such remarkable fatality in the Palace of Westminster and in Printing-house Square, that it is difficult not to connect it in some manner (though we confess we don't exactly know how) with the present state of the Thames. Our national legislators and our public instructors seem to be in the last stage of moral and intellectual exhaustion from an epidemic of cant. The atmosphere is literally poisoned with pestilent phrases, which come we know not whence, and mean we know not what. We remember how the whole French nation lost its senses first, and its freedom afterwards, under a visitation of "liberty, fraternity, equality." England is suffering at this moment from a severe fit of a disease technically termed "responsibility to Parliament." The diagnosis of the disorder is very imperfect. No one knows precisely where it originated, or how it is communicated. Its effects, however, are painfully felt and most disagreeably notorious. At its first appearance, it laid hold with great violence on the limb of our Indian Empire. For a long time it raged with irresistible mischievousness, till the curative reaction of a natural common-sense somewhat mitigated the virulence of the symptoms. But no sooner is the disease driven from one vital organ than it fixes on another. The Indian patient may be said to be convalescent, though seriously enfeebled; but the malady has fixed upon our military administration with renewed vigour.

The clamour against the "shadow of a shade" which stood between the House of Commons and the people of Hindostan, is revived in all its original strength against the opaque medium which unrighteously interposes between the patronage Secretary of the Treasury and his legitimate control over the discipline of her Majesty's forces. All doctors agree that no cases are so intractable as those of moral hallucination. If a man imagines himself to be a teapot, it is no use refusing to replenish him with mixed tea. The most successful cure on record is that of the gentleman who was obstinately persuaded that his head faced the wrong way. His ingenious medical adviser relieved him of this inconvenience by a violent galvanic shock administered to the nape of the neck, which changed the aspect of his mind, if not of his skull. We really want some operation of this kind performed on the House of Commons and the *Times*. A mad doctor would deserve a public reward who, by some ingenious artifice, could dispel the unhappy hallucinations of these distinguished valetudinarians. We feel that, while they are shrieking out for

"Parliamentary Responsibility," it would be just as idle to assure them that the managers of military affairs are really responsible to Parliament, as it would have been to inform the poor gentleman to whom we have alluded that he could see his toes without turning his head over his shoulder. It is all to no purpose that General PEEL, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, and Lord PALMERSTON have affirmed that the Minister of War is really and practically responsible for every act of the Commander-in-Chief. In spite of the distinct and positive assertions of all the persons who are supposed to have any competent knowledge of the subject, we are told that "the highest authorities differ as to the point whether the Commander-in-Chief is or is not responsible to the Minister of War." Who these authorities are, or how they differ, we find it difficult to discover. We are told in the *Times* of Wednesday, that "General PEEL considers the Commander-in-Chief entirely irresponsible as regards the military control and discipline of the army." When we come to examine the speech of the MINISTER OF WAR, as reported in the *Times* of the previous day, we find that this comment is founded on the following words:—"For the command and discipline of the army, the Commander-in-Chief was directly responsible; and he (General PEEL) was indirectly responsible for any act of the Commander-in-Chief. Suppose a case were to arise, in which the Commander-in-Chief were to commit some gross offence with regard to the discipline of the army, a question would be sure to be asked on the subject in that House, and the Minister of War would have to reply to that question. If, on inquiry, he were not satisfied with the explanation of the Commander-in-Chief, it might be the duty of the Government to advise the Crown to remove him; and if the Crown refused to attend to that recommendation, then the Ministers would have to resign their offices." Is it not a monstrous perversion to distort this very simple and intelligible statement into an admission that the Commander-in-Chief is "entirely irresponsible as regards the military control and discipline of the army?" The respective responsibility of the two offices which General PEEL describes is the only state of things which is possible unless it is intended that the "military control and discipline of the army" shall be immediately and practically devolved upon the Minister of War, who will be generally a civilian, and must always change with the Government of the day. But even Captain VIVIAN and his friends are hardly prepared for this bold development of the theory of "Parliamentary Responsibility."

We will venture to suggest a practical test by which this perplexed question, on which we are told that the highest authorities differ, may be solved in an instant. We take for granted that the Horse Guards is reeking with every species of corruption and abuse. We cannot, indeed, venture to doubt this proposition, because we are assured of it in every possible form and under every conceivable pseudonym, from "Civilian" down to "Mejidie." It is assumed that these evils, which are so satisfactorily established by unproved insinuations, are irremediable and perpetual because the House of Commons cannot bring its authority to bear on the Commander-in-Chief. Let us ask why the course pointed out by General PEEL is not pursued? If anything is to be complained of, why is not the MINISTER OF WAR questioned in his place on the subject? If he shelters himself under the plea that the subject is not within his province, and that he has no power to interfere, the complainants will have gone some way to establish their case. But if he assumes the responsibility, and defends the act, what becomes of the outcry of "irresponsibility to Parliament?"

A case very much in point occurred the other day. A constant and able writer on military subjects, whose arguments only fail to be conclusive from the want of accuracy in the facts on which they are based, had blown up a fictitious grievance about the gratuitous disposal of augmentation commissions. The imputed misconduct and insinuated favouritism were positively and unhesitatingly attributed to the authorities of the Horse Guards. A question was last week addressed to the MINISTER OF WAR, who answered distinctly that the power of ordering the sale of such commissions did not rest with the Commander-in-Chief, but with himself. With a singular miscarriage of logic, a "Civilian" replies that this answer is a further proof of the evils of divided responsibility. We confess we draw from it an exactly opposite conclusion. If the Commander-in-Chief cannot act in the matter without the sanction of the Minister of War, why is not the latter called to account for not refusing his consent? It will at least be

admitted that the Minister of War is responsible to Parliament. If he avows that the act is solely within his jurisdiction, why have not the complainants the fairness and the courage to follow up against the Minister who avows himself responsible, the case which they persist in insinuating against an official who has no recognised channel of reply? But from the moment that the clamourers for Parliamentary responsibility have discovered the responsible authority which they professed to be so anxious to reach, we hear no more of stories which have no other foundation than *ex parte* statements, easily levelled against persons who have no opportunity of refuting them. Until some substantial grievance is publicly brought forward in the House of Commons by some one who is prepared to vouch for the facts, and until the Minister of War pleads an absence of jurisdiction while declining to defend the transaction so impeached, we shall take leave to characterize the jargon of "military irresponsibility" as a transparent and not very courageous hypocrisy. And until some of the charges of improper, and even corrupt, dealing with the patronage of the army are made good in a more fair and open arena than the columns of a partisan journal, we shall continue to retain our opinion that, if the grave and injurious imputations which are dealt out by wholesale against the military authorities are disregarded, it is not so much from the want of responsibility in the Horse Guards to Parliament as from the lack of evidence to support the allegation on the part of the accusers.

With a singular ignorance of constitutional law, the *Times* makes it a subject of special and indignant declamation that "the House of Commons cannot remove the Commander-in-Chief from his office, which he holds at the pleasure of her MAJESTY, and neither assumes nor lays down in obedience to the will of a majority of the House of Commons." This may be very horrible, but we have only to remark that in this respect the Commander-in-Chief is precisely on the same footing with every other official who holds any post in the executive of the country. Shocking as it may seem, the House of Commons cannot remove even the First Lord of the Treasury from his office, which he holds at the pleasure of her MAJESTY. From the Prime Minister down to the tide-waiter, there is not a single official who "assumes or lays down his place at the will of a majority of the House of Commons." It is true that the House of Commons may pass a censure on a Minister either directly or indirectly, and the Crown may think fit either to compel or to accept his resignation; but this is not less true of the Commander-in-Chief than of the First Lord of the Admiralty. If the House of Commons were to pass a resolution condemning the conduct of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, or to vote an address to the Crown for his removal, the effect would be precisely the same as a similar course adopted with reference to any other public servant. In both cases the appointment and the dismissal proceed directly from the SOVEREIGN—in both the censure of Parliament has an exactly similar and equally potent operation. We should like to know whether the writer who denies the power of making the Commander-in-Chief responsible to the House of Commons, ever heard or read of the case of the Duke of YORK and Mrs. CLARKE. The truth is, nothing but the sheerest ignorance or the most dishonest sophistry can conceal from any one the fact that the Commander-in-Chief is at this moment just as responsible to Parliament as any other public official in the country.

It is a little amusing to remark that this violent and inconsiderate outcry against irresponsible authority proceeds from the only two powers in the country which have placed themselves beyond the pale of all responsibility—we mean the House of Commons and the public press. We do not presume to hint that they may possibly have uncomfortable misgivings, founded on personal experience, of the mischiefs which flow from the tyrannical exercise of an influence that cannot be brought to any account. We wonder it does not sometimes occur to the *Times* that the power wielded by the gentleman who signs himself "A Civilian," or by the writer of leading articles who does not sign himself at all, is almost as irresponsible as that which is exercised by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, whose acts are openly avowed, and whose conduct of his department is strictly watched and canvassed both by his own profession and by the public. Of course we do not pretend to dispute the advantages which the journalizing critic has over the Commander-in-Chief. It could hardly be expected that a mere soldier like the

Duke of CAMBRIDGE should rival the accuracy of statement which is never wanting—the impartiality which is never prejudiced—or the profound scientific acquirements which never err—to which we are habituated in the military criticisms of the "leading journal" and its polyonymous contributors. If we might tender one piece of disinterested advice to the *Times*, it would be, not to be in too great a hurry to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs of scandal. If it had the misfortune to succeed in making away with the "irresponsible authority," what would become of the "irresponsible accusers." What a loss of entertainment we should sustain if graphic stories should come to be refuted almost as soon as they were written! Why cannot our contemporary be contented with the log at which he can hack with so much impunity and satisfaction, without wishing to set a stork upon the throne, which might chance to drive his *canards* from the pool in which they now so pleasantly quack?

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

MR. WILSON was quite right in reminding the House of Commons the other evening that the National Debt has increased, and in suggesting that, if possible, it should gradually be diminished; but it was scarcely correct to assert that the burden is more oppressive now than at any former period. The total amount of nominal debt is about the same with that of thirty years ago, while there is a certain reduction in the annual charge; but in the same interval the wealth and population of the country have utterly altered the proportion of public assets and liabilities. The Income-tax produces a million for every penny in the pound of its amount, or, in other words, it is levied on a collective revenue of 240,000,000*l.*; so that, with due allowance for evasions, and after excluding the working classes, it may be said that the community owes to the public creditor about three years' income. In the later years of GEORGE IV. from four to five years' income would probably have been necessary to pay off the debt. Since that time many important articles of consumption have been relieved from all duties, and the larger returns of the indirect taxes are now, with few exceptions, produced by a lower rate of impost. If, therefore, the national expenditure had remained the same, the charge of the debt would in comparison press but lightly on the present generation. When Mr. WILSON remarked that the National Debt of France is less than half of our own, he might at the same time have pointed out that, while that of England has remained almost stationary, the French debt has within ten years been increased by more than a hundred millions, of which only one-half is due to the Russian war. The best standard of comparison by which the relative burdens of different countries can be estimated is furnished by the market price of their respective obligations; and when it appears that English Consols are at 95, and French Three per Cents. at 68, it may be safely assumed that in carrying the heavier weight England has still got the best of the international handicap.

Nevertheless, the Debt is quite large enough, and if the country could be persuaded to make the necessary sacrifice, there might be many reasons for reducing the amount. The moral objection to imposing burdens on posterity may safely be set aside, for the life tenant has a legitimate right to charge the estate with the cost of necessary improvement or protection; and if the heir in tail finds himself hampered with mortgages, he will also succeed to the dykes and sea-walls, and to the lands which they have saved from inundation. It would be difficult to prove that any pecuniary profit can arise from the operation of paying off a debt which bears interest at three per cent., and it is certain that the removal or diminution of almost any indirect tax would be a better investment than the establishment of a Sinking-fund; and the conditions of the entire problem are so complicated that it is almost impossible to arrive at a positive conclusion. If a financier were certain that his imposts would enforce individual parsimony without interfering with production, he might be justified in buying up the claims of the public creditor, even at thirty-two or thirty-three years' purchase; but, in practice, it is generally impossible to stint the consumption of the tax-payer without producing a pernicious effect upon trade. If the whole population of the country could live on air for a year, there would be, on one side of the account, a considerable saving; but as industry meantime would stagnate from the want of a market, it

would be necessary to set off the waste in unemployed labour against the gain from the cessation of consumption. A similar result follows, on a fractional scale, whenever the use of necessities or of luxuries is limited by taxation. Duties on tea and sugar, while they diminish the comforts of the people, indirectly restrict the profitable industry of mills and foundries and workshops; so that a Sinking-fund, in reducing the public burdens, might at the same time affect the ability of the tax-payer to meet the remaining charge upon the revenue. On the other hand, the diminution of a fixed burden would ultimately relieve the consumers, and it would enable statesmen to deal more freely and comprehensively with economical legislation. If the Russian war had not defeated Mr. GLADSTONE'S wisely conceived project for the creation of a two-and-a-half per cent. stock, the possibility of eventually reducing the charge on the great body of the debt would have furnished additional reasons for the sacrifices which might be necessary to raise public credit to a still higher point. It is highly probable that the reduction of the nominal debt by one-eighth would both raise the ordinary price of Consols above par, and greatly diminish the average interest on Exchequer Bills; but until a stock of a lower denomination has established itself in the market, the State will not be in a condition to profit by the increased value of its obligations.

If the Debt is for any reason to be reduced, the operation had better be effected in a simple and straightforward manner, by the provision of an annual surplus. Terminable annuities and loans at high rates of interest are wasteful contrivances for cheating the nation into a course which is assumed to be at once prudent and unpopular. No capitalist will purchase a terminable annuity without a bonus for the trouble in calculation and insurance, as well as for the comparative inconvenience of a security which is not readily marketable. The relief afforded to the country when a mass of these obligations fall in is often rather apparent than substantial. The windfall of 1860 has long since been discounted or mortgaged by anticipation, and at the present moment it seems likely only to cover a moiety or a third of the deficit with which it will coincide. The gain to the country resembles that of some private economist when he opens at last the box into which he has for years been accustomed to drop his occasional hoardings. The excess of payment on terminable annuities from the days of PITT has been a dead loss to successive generations; but the machinery has been so far successful that it has accomplished its purpose, although the corresponding arrangement of the Sinking-fund has long been obsolete.

Mr. WILSON was consciously undertaking an uphill fight; for the House of Commons which had in this session converted Mr. GLADSTONE'S temporary anticipation of revenue into a permanent debt, and repudiated Sir G. C. LEWIS'S intention of paying off the war loan, could scarcely be expected to affirm, by an abstract resolution, a principle directly opposed to its own recent practice. It was easy for the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to meet the motion with a vague intimation of a supposed project for reviewing and remodelling the whole fabric of indirect taxation; and it would have been useless for any member who possessed an accurate memory to remind the House that Mr. DISRAELI some years since proposed to relieve agricultural distress by an addition to the taxes of five millions a-year for the purpose of a Sinking-fund. The question whether the reduction of the debt is expedient is in truth of secondary importance as long as it remains certain that Parliament has no intention of reducing it largely or systematically. In prosperous times Finance Ministers will continue to leave a margin in their budgets, in the hope that it may expand in the ensuing year into a considerable surplus. A million in one year, and half the amount in the next, will produce by degrees an appreciable effect on the annual charge of the debt; but even when the burden becomes materially lighter, it is not likely that the country will tax itself to provide a more considerable or a permanent surplus. French financiers have supplied an illustration of the value of formal resolutions which come into conflict with convenience and inclination. In that country a Sinking-fund of several millions is annually included in the Budget, not in the form of an additional estimate, but as a portion of the necessary charge of the debt, and accordingly the amount is regularly applied, in the first instance, with religious good faith to its appropriate purpose; but for many years successive Ministers have found it necessary to acknowledge a deficit of a much larger amount, and to meet it in part by a suspension of the actual pay-

ments in diminution of the principal of the debt. A vague hope was held out in the present year that the practice would be discontinued, but even the docile Legislative Body scarcely affected to believe the official assurances. On the whole, it is desirable that from time to time the expediency of partial liquidation should be discussed in Parliament, but the present generation must practically be content to acquiesce in a debt which is not likely to fall far below the amount of eight hundred millions.

EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

THE unfortunate fine ladies of London, in their laborious search after amusement, have taken a step which seems to show that they excel the humbler part of their sex rather in the amplitude of their skirts than in the amplitude of their understandings. Not content with the park of respectability, they have been trying to enclose for their own behoof the common of irrespectability, and their Enclosure Act is likely to meet with vigorous opposition from Bohemia. They had heard there was great fun at Cremorne, probably from male relatives who were not minutely accurate in their descriptions, but represented the gardens as a sylvan retreat, where innocence, simplicity, and modesty looked at fireworks side by side, or danced together on the green. So, being jaded by the ordinary round of gaiety—as the severe public duty of standing in nightly crushes is playfully called—they determined to try whether a new sensation might not be got out of Cremorne. But they carried out their determination in a way a little like the device of the nobleman who bought Punch, and expected that great comedian to perform to a select circle without the help of his vulgar showman. They had no idea that the company were any part of the sport, or that Cremorne would not be Cremorne without the motley and slightly Cyprian assemblage of its ordinary guests. So they asked Lord INGESTRE to arrange for them to have Cremorne one night entirely to themselves. And accordingly Lord INGESTRE undertook to make the arrangement. What, indeed, would not a man undertake who had proposed to embalm the memory of the Duke of WELLINGTON by constructing in his honour a new system of metropolitan drains, so that the name of the hero might smell sweet for ever, and that here we might scent the conqueror of India, there the deliverer of Spain, here the colleague of PEEL, and there the victor of Waterloo? So, for one night, Cremorne is to be “exclusively for the nobility and gentry.” The “gentry” may think themselves lucky to be let in, for the thing was done “at the suggestion of many of the nobility” only. “The arrangements,” the great world is assured, “are such as to ensure the desired exclusiveness.” “Desired exclusiveness” at Cremorne! You might as well ask your friend to a fox-hunt and assure him there should be no dogs. Any profits that may accrue are to be devoted to some charitable institution. By that happy device enjoyment becomes a virtue, and all luxury is turned into the luxury of doing good. It seems, however, that the authorities of the charitable institutions have not practically imbibed the maxim of VESPASIAN, that lucre from whatever source smells sweet. They do not like the odour of lucre coming from a fine-lady Cremorne. Perhaps, as they are so squeamish, the money may be handed to the overworked milliners who will sit up for a night or two before the *fête*, making the “characteristic costumes” for the “Maypole and Morris dances after the old English fashion.”

A severe correspondent of the *Times* has insinuated that the new nymphs of Cremorne wish to trench, not only on the “amusements,” but on the “occupation” of the “Pariahs of their own sex;” and he tells them that “it is by the thousand charms of refinement and education, and the careful exercise of that modesty that is more precious than gold, that the ladies of England should strive to keep their husbands, brothers, and cousins from Cremorne, and not by descending to the arts of those whom they affect to despise.” But this is being too censorious. It needs but little charity to acknowledge that the Ladies Patronesses of Lord INGESTRE'S *fête* would be as much astonished and scandalized at finding they had usurped the territory of the Pariahs of their sex, as a respectable country gentleman would be at finding that the house in which he had just established his spouse and family for the season had been previously used for Pariah purposes. Fancy the Ladies Patronesses being guilty of trenching on the occupation

of the Pariahs of their own sex! Fancy the lady of a Prime Minister laying herself open to the admonition that she ought to strive to keep her husband from Cremorne by the thousand charms of refinement and self-education, not by descending to the arts of those whom she affects to despise! It would be too cynical to suppose that the object of Belgravia in invading Cremorne was to beat the Sirens of Cremorne with their own weapons on their own ground. Surely the correspondent of the *Times* must be aware that those whom he censures would have recoiled with unfeigned indignation if Lord INGESTRE had proposed to make arrangements to secure the pavement of Regent-street and the Haymarket for one night exclusively to the nobility and gentry. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Such insinuations overshoot the mark, cover the actual offence, and incline the humane observer rather to take the side of unimpeachable Lady Patronesses who find each other's parties growing a bore by the beginning of July.

The fault, which is really and most naively shown in the project and in the circular describing it, is aristocratic exclusiveness. Three times in the course of a few sentences the word "exclusive" occurs, as expressive of that which the persons addressed consider pre-eminently desirable in their amusements. They make a solitude, and call it good society. This is rather dangerous practice, and it is not impossible that a collision between the nobility and the mobility, to the certain disadvantage of the former, may be the result. It is especially dangerous immediately after certain law-suits and disclosures which have given the *Dame aux Camellias* the right to say that others are frail as well as herself, and that when she yields her Paradise to the nobility for the night, and Lord INGESTRE stands with a flaming voucher over the gate, the Paradise will still not be exclusively tenanted by virtue. We strongly recommend to the Ladies Patronesses and the gallant minister of their pleasures a speedy and graceful retreat, while the door for retreat is open. They can go and have "maypole and morris dances," "*tableaux vivants*," representing the most exquisite conceptions of "ancient art," "acrobatic feats of a surprising and hitherto unattempted character," "balloon ascents," "The Fillis Family," "celebrated delineators of Irish character," "Terpsichorean talent of the highest order," "varied and magnificent pyrotechnic displays," and all the rest of the promised delights, including the roulette table, at one of their own parks, without the danger, to which we fear they may be exposed at Cremorne, of encountering uncomplimentary cries and disagreeable projectiles. Their little slip will be soon forgiven and forgotten. What happy tradesman or mechanic, whose life passes in a round of honest labour, and whose pleasures are natural and unsought, would not be kind to the pitiable necessities of people who must get through life somehow, and do not know how on earth to do it? These fine ladies have no duties to fill their time, no children to rear and educate, no country tenants and labourers to look after and assist—nothing to relieve the weary and despicable course of fashionable existence. Who can blame them for being eager to grasp at any titmouse—even a stimulant so coarse and childish as that of going to sup, and stare at fireworks and marionettes, and play revolving billiards at Cremorne? Cut off as they are from the blessings and rewards of labour, and compelled to be (if it can be called life) by the toil of other people's hands, they ought to be objects not so much of censure as of sincere compassion to those whose lot is cast in the higher and sadder sphere of daily work for daily bread, if they trench a life on ground which does not belong to them in their desperate efforts to escape from themselves. As to their exclusiveness, it is their misfortune, not their fault. They would escape, if they dared, not only from themselves, but from each other.

THE STATE SERVICES.

LORD STANHOPE has done well for religion, propriety, and commonsense by his motion for an address to the Crown to discontinue the State services—or, more precisely, to withdraw the Royal proclamation authorizing them. All sorts of views concurred in supporting this reform—each representative speaker in the Lords finding or making capital out of the occasion. Strict Churchmen, Erastian Liberals, and Rubricians were for once at one. Judgment by default, however, was not passed upon these services, on some other abuses. They were defended by the BISHOP of BANGOR and CHICHESTER, and by Lord DUN-

GANNON, upon the fine old, broad, but slightly dangerous argument that whatever is right—a comfortable principle, for it accounts for and justifies their own existence to the noble and right-reverend apologists for Guy Fawkes' Day and the Feast of the Oak Apple. Perhaps the chief objection to Lord STANHOPE's motion was its elaborate and formal character. It was crushing a butterfly, or rather a gnat, with a steam-hammer. But what was wanted—and we suppose a less powerful machinery than an address to the Crown would have been insufficient to obtain the object—was to cut off an ugly fungus from the Book of Common Prayer. In the speeches delivered in the House of Lords on Monday night, we think, on the whole, that too much was made of those little political pamphlets which we are in the habit of calling the State Services; for not only are they without authority, but such authority as they claim to have is made up of inconsistent elements. Moreover, they were of a very gradual growth, and—which seems curious, and was not noticed in the House of Lords—the first State service appears never to have been intended for a precedent, or at least for a model. The original and contemporaneous Gunpowder-plot service was probably not meant for perpetual observance. The day was intended to be kept for ever, and an Act of Parliament requiring its observance was passed; but the service for the Fifth of November was at first got up hastily, and, if regularly continued, it was only for lack of another. It is certain that it was never added to the Prayer-book till 1661, and then it was not the old contemporary form of 1605. Some justification, however slight, of the Guy Fawkes service—or, at least, some abatement of our disgust at its impetuous language—is to be found in the fact that, in its first and most offensive form, it was struck off in the heat of the moment as an occasional office. JAMES I. thought himself to be an especial favourite of Heaven. He, or his pliant clergy, invented a service which, just tolerable at the time, it by no means follows that he intended to be of perpetual observance. His escape on the Fifth of November was only a repetition of a similar special interposition on his behalf in the GOWRIE Conspiracy, the idea of which, like the German's camel, was, as many think—at least some of the terrors of the Gunpowder Plot were—developed from his own self-consciousness. This anniversary of the GOWRIE escape, the Fifth of August, was also "appointed to be kept holy;" and the much-suffering Church of that time, twice in three months, was bound to thank Heaven for its especial care of that very heavenly-minded monarch JAMES I. The Fifth of November service was perhaps used in CHARLES I.'s reign; but it is not on record that it was ever ordered by royal proclamation till the time when royalty came in on the top of the wave, and SANCROFT's Convocation, for the first time in the history of England, prostrated the Church in more than Oriental adulation at the feet of a second favourite of Heaven. If any party is more especially in fault for the worst part of the Fifth of November service, and therefore for the general scandal in those precious forms, it is the Church in the famous Convocation of 1661. The "worst part" we say, namely, the abuse of the Papists; for the political portion, relating to WILLIAM the DELIVERER, came from BURNET's mint—the very BURNET who was so scandalized at the martyr-worship of CHARLES I., being the hierophant of the hero-worship of the Prince of ORANGE.

The position in which the existence of these services places a clergyman is ludicrous in the extreme. Whatever he does, and whatever he does not, in attempting either obedience or disobedience, is wrong, informal, unnatural, and illegal. To use the State prayers, and not to use them, is alike bad in law, of some sort or other. The flying-fish is between shark and gull. Escaping the ecclesiastical, he falls into the jaws of the common law. If he obeys the Queen's Bench, he incurs the wrath of Doctors' Commons. The Church has certain services, and special services, for the day in question, but not these services; while there is, after all, the ordinary daily calendar service still unrepealed, and therefore of canonical obligation. The obligation to use the existing forms is, we believe, this:—For the Accession service there is absolutely no authority whatever. No Act of Parliament enjoins the observance of the day; and no Act of the Convocation or Church sanctions the service. In the Canons of 1640—which canons were expressly disavowed by 13 Car. II. c. 12—the day and a service are enjoined. But the Canons of 1640 are of no obligation. Consequently, if any clergyman were to use the present Accession service, it is doubtful whether he would not be punishable under the 36th canon for neglecting the ordinary service of the day. If he does not use the

service, he is disloyal to her Gracious Majesty—if he does use it, he is equally disloyal to mother Church. For the 5th of November, the 30th of January, and the 29th of May there is Parliamentary authority for observing the particular days, but none authorizing any particular services. And as regards the extant services, the Church authorizes one form, and the State another, neither of which is that which the King's printers actually attached to the Prayer-book. Thus, obedience and disobedience, conformity and in conformity, are equally fatal, if possible—which neither, however, seems to be.

In the midst of this confusion, the proposition for hacking away the tangled brake of inconsistent and incompatible forms—forms bad in substance, bad in law, which are not used because they are bad, and are also bad because not used, and therefore are doubly bad, both as disused and illegal—for it is impossible to describe them otherwise than in the language of contradiction—was felt to be a general relief, and was hailed accordingly. Strict Churchmen are glad of the opportunity of flinging off what they deem a mark of State bondage. Politicians of every form are glad to be relieved of an historical paralysism which, with equal fury and equal folly, vindicates CHARLES I. and WILLIAM III., and, with happy inconsistency, condemns the Great Rebellion and glorifies its legitimate consequence, the Great Revolution. Religionists are glad to be relieved from a manual of cursing and vituperation which, with indiscriminate rancour, abuses alike, and in the same words, Papist and Puritan, and with equal pliancy finds a Saviour in the House of Stuart, and a Deliverer in that of Nassau. That the worst parts of the services are the mere sweepings and common-places of theological hatred, the stinkpots of religion convenient to throw into any hostile camp, is proved by an odd circumstance. The famous or infamous alliterative imprecation about those who "turn religion into rebellion, and faith into faction," which now occurs in the 29th of May service as a parting shot at the Protectorate, formerly did service in the Fifth of November office of 1661, but in the shape of a mild allusion to the Papists. It had done duty before for the very opposite purpose; but this did not prevent its reappearance against another foe. Indeed, we now have it in its third edition. In 1605 and 1661, it was directed against Rome—in 1685, it was turned into a pious imprecation against the Parliamentarians. The invention of it we suspect to be due to no less than royal and noble authorship. It is first to be found in the original Guy Fawkes prayers of 1605, which are very full flavoured and strong—stinging in the mouth indeed. The milk-and-water orisons which we are now dealing with are nothing to the strong-bodied devotions of the early Stuart period. Therein God was fairly invoked as a God who delighted in persecution and slaughter. Here is the old form, *temp.* 1605. "Infatuate their counsels and root out that Babylonish and unchristian sect which say of "Jerusalem, Down with it! Down with it! even to the ground. And to that end strengthen the hands of our gracious King, the nobles, and magistrates of the land, with judgment and justice to cut off these workers of iniquity" (whose religion is rebellion, whose faith is faction, whose practice is murdering souls and bodies,) and to root them out of the confines and limits of this kingdom," &c. Church and State went well together in those days. Embowelling priests at Tyburn and godly prayers of this sort against the Pope and his Babylonish sect answered each to each. This is the origin of devotions which a Bishop of the present day, Dr. BETHELL, assures us that "a pious and devout man might offer to his Maker without any scruples whatever."

The defence hazarded for the services is that they are recognitions of God's signal and superintending Providence. This is difficult ground. When is Providence special, when general? POPE, not perhaps understanding what he wrote, tells us that God sees

With equal eyes, as Judge of all,
A hero perish and a sparrow fall.

And he goes on to assure us that He

Acts not by partial but by general laws.

This may mean indifferently, either that everything is special providence, or that nothing is special providence—a position, the affirmative or negative of which, for all practical purposes, amounts to much the same thing. All admit that everything is providential—each may and must be a part of one great whole, every event in which is known to God. But then it is as much God's work that CHARLES I. was beheaded

as that CHARLES II. was restored. It is objected to Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON that he makes Providence a high Tory partisan; but this perhaps is more intelligible than selecting some of God's actions for especial praise, because the correlative of this is, that some of God's actions are blameable. If the Bishop of BANGOR were consistent and logical, with his views of providential interposition he would as often beat his Divinity as offer incense to Him. Political Manichæism like Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON's is quite intelligible. We understand dualism. Heaven is Tory—Satan is a Whig. This was JOHNSON'S view of things human and divine. God fights for England—the Devil fights for France. But if we are told that we are especially bound to be grateful and full of thanksgivings, because GOD saved JAMES I. from gunpowder, we are equally bound to be very angry with Providence for not interfering on behalf of his son. The difference is this—that in the one case we are glad to get GOD on our side, in the other we only thank GOD for those of His deeds which we approve of. In either case, this view of special providences makes Heaven a political partisan. Besides, where is this to stop? What is the test of especial speciality which is to satisfy all that the *dignus vindice nodus* is attained? If the Revolution of 1688 deserves an annual day of thanksgiving why not the Reform Bill? Why not Magna Charta? If the Restoration of CHARLES II., why not the Battle of Hastings? If the Gunpowder Plot is to be celebrated throughout all generations, why not the Cat-street Conspiracy? If, as the Duke of MARLBOROUGH says, three generations are not enough to take off the penitential sorrows which we feel for the sins of our forefathers in murdering the Lord's anointed, there seems no reason why we should cease from fasting and weeping even at the thirteenth generation. CHARLES I. is not our protomartyr even among Kings. The Prayer-book actually commemorates, on the 20th of November, "EDMUND, King and Martyr," and on the 18th of March, "EDWARD, King of the West Saxons." If the Duke of MARLBOROUGH is right, the Saxon Kings have just as much right to annual celebrations as CHARLES I. The tragedy of Corfe Castle is as important as that of Whitehall, if, as the Duke of MARLBOROUGH observes, time has nothing to do with national sins or national blessings.

CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENTS AND WHAT THEY CONSERVE.

IT is now some fifteen years since the ingenious author of *Coningsby* propounded the interesting question, What is it that Conservatism proposes to conserve? There is no reason why a negative should not be just as good an answer to such an inquiry as an affirmative. We are certainly now in a position to solve, with a considerable amount of accuracy, the riddle proposed by the sphinx who presides over the Exchequer. No man has ever had the misfortune to undergo the process of examination without feeling how great an advantage it would be to have himself set the questions which he is called upon to answer. Mr. DISRAELI has taken the benefit of this situation, and has given as a very sufficient solution of the problem which he propounded. He has demonstrated, by that sort of historical philosophy which teaches by example, that Conservative Governments conserve nothing at all—hardly even their places. They are sent for, and they come like BALAAM to curse the tents of the liberal Israel, and lo! they bless them altogether. It is to no purpose that they ride on innumerable asses into all manner of high places. The result is perpetually the same—they bless the cause which they were called upon to bar. No man blames the son of ZIPPOR because he did not in the end sin against the truth, but his conduct is hardly altogether to be admired, and we are not much disposed to deem the triumph of an involuntary veracity. On the whole, we are inclined to regard the ass as a more creditable animal than the prophet.

If we consider the career of the Derbyite party since the year 1846, when the Government of Sir ROBERT PEEL was broken up, we have presented to us an unequalled spectacle of moral Nemesis. It is now a dozen years since the great Tory party was shattered to pieces because its chiefs were denounced as unfaithful to the principles of the connexion. The men who had been chosen leaders for their abilities and political experience were shiered, because they were supposed to have sinned beyond forgiveness against the fundamental and immutable doctrine of the Conservative creed. We all remember who it was that denounced the Administration of Sir ROBERT PEEL as an

"organized hypocrisy." The patentee of this felicitous phrase has evaded the application of the expression to himself by affecting a cynicism of treason which excludes the suspicion of hypocrisy. That great man, JONATHAN WILD, had his weaknesses, but his character was not infected with the affectation of virtue. Mr. DISRAELI does not think it necessary to pay even the tribute of dissimulation at the shrine of Toryism. Certainly the "cannon-balls" must begin to think that, after having happily accomplished the immolation of their former chiefs, they have relieved themselves something after the manner of the fish who found the frying-pan inconveniently warm. Already we begin to hear from the deep-mouthed voices which used to vent curses loud and deep against the name of PEEL, subdued murmurs at the temperature of the Derbyite fire.

Altogether, the fate of the Tory party seems to be that of some of the terrible criminals of ancient mythology, who are doomed for ever to disappointment and despair. Their labours are those of Sisyphus—their success is that of the Danaides—their reward is that of Tantalus. What is to other men the consummation of their hopes is to them the destruction of all that they desire. Out of office they labour for power, but once in place they forthwith abandon all for which they fought in opposition, except their salaries. Indeed, in these days, a Conservative Administration seems to be an intermittent necessity, which appears like an epidemic to clear off all the diseased offspring of Toryism. It was necessary that the Protectionist party should be placed in power, in order that the Protectionist faith might be finally and irrecoverably destroyed. The Derbyite Administration of 1852 only lasted long enough just to put an end for ever to the principle in defence of which it had been constructed. There still remained, however, just a few distinctive tests by which the Tory party chose to fancy it was discernible from the vulgar herd of Liberalism. There were still some time-honoured institutions in the State—still some sacred and inviolable principles in the Church—which it was their mission to defend from the intrusion of profane hands. But these, too, are now fast vanishing under the blighting influences of a Conservative Cabinet. The time is come for the periodical slaughter of Tory principles and the crowning triumph of Radical measures. But to this a Tory Administration is indispensable. It was only by investing the party of the NEWDEGATES, SPOONERS, and THESIGERS with temporary power that the "unchristianization of the Legislature" could have been finally consummated. Probably none but a "high and dry" Cabinet would have lent its aid to the expurgation of the Prayer-book. Certainly it must have required all the regard with which Mr. BENTINCK may be supposed to view the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to reconcile the member for Norfolk to the abolition of the Property Qualification.

The politician whose sagacity the progress of events has most tended to justify is unquestionably Mr. BRIGHT. Lord DERBY and his Cabinet have certainly supplied him with a triumphant answer to the taunts which were hurled at him for his support of a Tory Administration. The real truth is, that the Tory Administration have done and are doing his work more effectually than a Government of all the Independent Liberals that ever sighed after evening parties. It is quite clear that the Tory turncocks have let on the Radical main. There is no doubt that we may have just as much of concession as we please, for the supply seems to be inexhaustible. The only thing for us to determine is when we have had enough. So long as the work of destruction is incomplete, we must cherish the Derbyites, as the cannibal fates up his victim. But if the day comes when it is considered desirable to stay the destroying hand, the first step must be to abolish the Conservatives. When the filth is all removed, the presence of the scavenger becomes disagreeable.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MAULE.

IN the last number of the *Law Review* there is a biographical article on the late Sir W. Maule, which contains the only account which we have seen of a very remarkable man, who well deserved, on many accounts, wider and more durable notice than he ever received. We do not propose to follow our contemporary either in his account of the career of Sir William Maule, or in his estimate of his professional merits; but we feel that the portrait which he has given is not altogether correct, and that a less indiscriminate eulogium might perhaps afford a better notion of the late judge's public character (for of his private relations we know nothing) than would be suggested by the pages of our contemporary.

A well-known writer is reported to have said of the profession of the law that he considered it a sort of bottomless pit, in which were swallowed up in an unprofitable manner the stout fellows who ought to have been the benefactors and regenerators of society. The remark was not a little unjust in more ways than one, but it was not unmeaning. There is no doubt that the extraordinary rewards, both social and pecuniary, which attend success at the bar, induce many persons to give themselves up to that profession who might have obtained a large amount of literary or scientific eminence. This in itself is, we think, no evil. Nothing which tends to liberalize and ennoble active life can be regarded as an evil; but it is unquestionably true that great success in that profession has occasionally a tendency to produce a kind of harshness, which arises partly from the continual contemplation—not without a certain sense of superiority—of the stupidity of mankind, and partly from the habit of administering a system necessarily rigid, but sometimes unavoidably and sometimes blameably unjust. This is indeed the universal temptation of all Englishmen who are at all above par in point of understanding. Our national contempt for weakness of every sort, and especially for the weakness of uncontrolled emotion, and the surly satisfaction with which we recognise the fact that there is much unavoidable evil in the world, and much necessary imperfection in every system either of law or of government, form a constant temptation to all classes of society—and perhaps to lawyers more than to any other class—to take, or at least to manifest, the humorous view of life to the exclusion of almost every other. It is, we think, the essence of humour to take the habitual tone and colour of the observer's mind as the fixed point from which all the scenes of life are contemplated—to look upon all events as sad, amusing, pathetic, or grotesque, not according to their own essence, but according to the temperament of the observer. A sullen man's account of a marriage, a whimsical man's account of a funeral, a sentimental man's account of a jackass, would each be humorous, though the humour would be of a very different character in the three cases. Hence it is obvious that humour must always be characteristic of men, of classes, or of nations of sufficient originality and depth of character to be capable of looking at events from their own point of view, instead of being carried away from it by the character of the event itself; and of all this—the depth, the harshness, and above all the humour, at least to the outside world who knew him only on the Bench—Sir William Maule was the very incarnation. As to the first element of his character there could hardly be two opinions. It was a very common impression amongst those who had every opportunity of judging, that he was the ablest judge of his time. The writer in the *Law Review* celebrates his mathematical powers, and quotes Mr. Babbage's authority for the statement that he might, if he had given himself up to that science, have been the first mathematician of Europe; and there can be no doubt that his judgments fully corroborate this estimate. They unite force and subtlety in a manner which we maintain to be most characteristically English. His mind was like a Nasmyth's hammer, which can forge an anchor or crack a nut with equal accuracy and equal facility.

There was no man who could enunciate with equal force and point the most solid principles, nor was there any one who could split straws with such miraculous nicety. As popular instances, we may refer for an illustration of the first of these powers to his answers to the questions submitted by the House of Lords to the fifteen judges upon the criminal responsibilities of madmen, in consequence of M'Naughten's assassination of Mr. Drummond. The other fourteen judges gave a united answer. Sir W. Maule answered by himself, and nothing can exceed the delicacy with which he drew the line between the physiological and the legal elements of the question, and the force with which he enunciates the principle upon which the legal part of the question must be decided. As an instance of the second gift, we may quote from the *Law Review* an anecdote connected with the scandal (now happily done away with) of special demurrers. A man was described in a plea as "I. Jones," and the pleader (probably not knowing his name) referred in another part of the plea to "I" as an "initial." The plaintiff demurred (i.e., said that the plea was bad), because "I" was not a name. Sir W. Maule said that there was no reason why a man might not be christened "I" as well as Isaac, inasmuch as either could be pronounced alone. The counsel for the plaintiff then objected that the plea admitted that "I" was not a name by describing it as "an initial." "Yes," retorted the judge, "but it does not aver that it is not a *final* as well as an *initial* letter." This is very like Lord Brougham's celebrated decision that a will in which property was left to "the second, third, fourth, and other sons severally and in succession, according to their priority of birth" (the limitation to the first son having been omitted by a slip of the copying-clerk), gave the property to the eldest son, because, though neither second, third, nor fourth, he was an "other son."

Sir William Maule's manner was as characteristic of his understanding as his matter. A careless observer would have thought him confused, for he hardly ever completed a sentence; but, in fact, he thought much more quickly than he spoke, and saw the end of a second sentence before he had concluded the first. His habitual contempt for display may also have had something to do with the negligence of his style in speaking. We have heard that when he was at the bar, he was counsel in a case of

great importance which was being argued before the judges, and that, being asked whether he wished to add anything to his argument, he considered for a moment, and then answered, in reference to a volume which he had handed up to the Bench, "My Lord, please give me my book," after which he sat down without another word.

The writer in the *Law Review* defends Sir W. Maule against the charge of being a cynic, so frequently brought against him, and says that he was a very pleasant and very jovial companion. We fully believe it, and we will add that in a rather one-sided way he was a very humane man; but his humanity was far from being just. In watching his administration of criminal justice, it was almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that he felt a contempt for the institutions of society, and looked upon the ordinary run of offenders as poor devils who ought to be let off if possible. He reserved his indignation for those who were well off in the world, or for people who were guilty of gross acts of cruelty, and even with respect to this class there were exceptions. Nothing could set this in a clearer light than his conduct in a trial to which the writer in the *Law Review* refers, and respecting which he is under a complete misapprehension. We allude to the case of the murder of Mr. Bagshawe in Derbyshire, in 1854. The case did not turn, as the reviewer supposes, on the amount of notice necessary in arresting poachers. Sir William's law was probably right enough, but he dealt with the facts, in summing-up, like an advocate equally ingenious and unscrupulous. We can only give one or two illustrations, but they will fairly show the nature of the case. Mr. Bagshawe was killed by a blow on the head which split the skull in half from the eye to the spine without breaking the skin. He was a little in advance of his keepers, and must have received the blow before they came up. The keepers seized a man named Milner in the stream which Mr. Bagshawe preserved, and after a desperate struggle secured him. One of them received five or six blows on the head from a gun-barrel, which cut him to the bone. When Milner was taken, he had in his hand a gun-barrel to which part of the stock still adhered, but from which the butt end had been broken off across the grain, which would of course require a most violent blow. The butt-end was found in the stream, and a gun had been fired towards Mr. Bagshawe's party as they advanced. The medical witnesses swore that Mr. Bagshawe's wound must have been caused by a most violent blow from some very smooth substance—such as the butt of a gun. Here, therefore, was a gun whole at one instant, and found broken a few moments afterwards in the hands of a man of gigantic strength, who was one of a party which had been attacked just before by a person hardly inferior in physical power. That person had, in the meanwhile, received just such a blow as the gun-stock, wielded by a most powerful arm (and hardly anything else) would have given. Yet, under this state of facts, Sir William Maule never referred to the gun-stock having been broken, nor to the finding of the gun-barrel with part of the stock in the prisoner's hand; nor did he suggest to the jury that, if they thought sufficient notice had not been given to the poachers, they might find a verdict of manslaughter—a suggestion which would have been undoubtedly adopted, and which would have enabled a very brutal piece of violence to be adequately punished. The men were all acquitted. Another instance of unjust and substantially unmerciful lenity—which we are sorry to say was in other respects eminently characteristic of Sir William Maule—took place about the same time. A man was tried at Lincoln for rape upon a married woman. The judge laughed the case out of Court, indulging himself in several utterly unnecessary remarks of a most indecorous nature. The man was acquitted; and the woman of course left the Court with a very damaged character. At the very next assizes the same man was tried for the same crime committed on a girl with circumstances of brutality almost unexampled. On this occasion he was convicted and transported for life. Such occurrences as these—and they by no means stood alone in any of their circumstances—greatly diminished the lustre which Sir William Maule's ability gave to his position. We should not have adverted to them if he had not been made the subject of that injudicious and not very honest praise which biographers so often bestow.

It is a pleasant task to turn to the consideration of Sir William Maule's humour. It was often, no doubt, coarse and dirty, but it was always both genuine and infinitely amusing. Some admirable specimens are given by the *Law Review*. The most celebrated is quoted from the *Times*, and we are glad to have an opportunity of giving the true version of one of the wittiest speeches ever made, and which has strangely enough been robbed of its best point. A man being convicted of bigamy, the following conversation took place:—

Clerk of Assize.—What have you to say why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?

Prisoner.—Well, my Lord, my wife took up with a hawker, and run away five years ago, and I've never seen her since, and I married this other woman last winter.

Mr. Justice Maule.—I will tell you what you ought to have done; and if you say you did not know, I must tell you the law conclusively presumes that you did. You ought to have instructed your attorney to bring an action against the hawker for criminal conversation with your wife. That would have cost you about 100*l*. When you had recovered substantial damages against the hawker, you would have instructed your proctor to sue in the Ecclesiastical Courts for a divorce *a mensâ atque thoro*. That would have cost you 200*l*, or 300*l*. more. When you had obtained a divorce *a mensâ atque thoro*, you would have had to appear by counsel before the House of Lords for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. The bill might have been opposed

in all its stages in both Houses of Parliament; and altogether you would have had to spend about 1000*l*. or 1200*l*. You will probably tell me that you never had a thousand farthings of your own in the world; but, prisoner, that makes no difference. Sitting here as a British judge, it is my duty to tell you that *this is not a country in which there is one law for the rich and another for the poor*.

It is an almost incredible proof of human stupidity, that the story is usually told without the words which we have italicized. We could easily fill columns with specimens of Sir William Maule's wit, but we must be content with a very few. They will be but imperfectly appreciated by those who did not know the man. The upper part of his face and head was beautifully formed, and gave a wonderful impression of compressed power and clearness. His mouth was large, sensual, and half open; his gruff and rather elaborate utterance was attended with a physical effort which made the intellectual facility of the speaker all the more apparent, and the gravity of his tone and manner gave great force to the grotesqueness and the humour of what he said. The following are a few instances of the Mauliana which survive amongst the Bar, and which deserve collection far better than most things of the same kind.

A drunken witness leaving the box blurts out, "My Lord, I never cared for anything but women and horseflesh!" *Mr. Justice Maule*.—"Oh, you never cared for anything but women and horseflesh?" Then I advise you to go home and make your will, or, if you have made it, put a codicil to it, and direct your executors, as soon as you're dead, to have you flayed, and to have your skin made into side saddles, and then, whatever happens, you will have the satisfaction of reflecting that, after death, some part of you will be constantly in contact with what, in life, were the dearest objects of your affection." A man being tried for sheep stealing, evidence was given that he had been seen washing tripe. The counsel for the Crown, in examining the witness, observes with ill-timed delicacy, "He was washing bowels?" "Yes, sir."—"The bowels of an animal, I suppose?" "Yes, sir." The counsel sits down. *Justice Maule*.—"Pray, was it a wren's stomach?" A barrister opened a case somewhat confusedly. The Judge interrupts him. "I wish, Mr. —, you would put your facts in some order; chronological order is the best, but I am not particular. Any order you like—alphabetical order." The most characteristic, however, of all such stories are those which refer to the irony with which he would occasionally tax the powers of country juries:—

Gentlemen.—The learned counsel is perfectly right in his law, there is some evidence upon that point; but he's a lawyer, and you're not, and you don't know what he means by *some* evidence, so I'll tell you. Suppose there was an action on a bill of exchange, and six people swore they saw the defendant accept it, and six others swore they heard him say he should have to pay it, and six others knew him intimately, and swore to his handwriting; and suppose on the other side they called a poor old man who had been at school with the defendant forty years before and had not seen him since, and he said he rather thought the acceptance was not his writing, why there'd be some evidence that it was not, and that's what Mr. — means in this case.

The following, with which we must conclude, was among his latest performances. A very stupid jury were called upon to convict a man on the plainest evidence. A previous conviction was proved against him, by the production of the usual certificate and by the evidence of the policeman who had had him in charge. The judge summed up at great length. He told the jury that the certificate was not conclusive; that the question was entirely for them; that policemen sometimes told lies, and much else of the same kind, concluding as follows:—"And, gentlemen, never forget that you are a British jury, and, if you have any reasonable doubt on your minds, God forbid that the prisoner should not have the benefit of it." The jury retired, and were twenty minutes or more before they found out that the judge had been laughing at them, and made up their minds that the identity was proved.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEYS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND HER DEPENDENCIES.

IN 1769 there was born to a yeoman of Oxfordshire, named John Smith, a son, who in due course was christened William. William Smith, as he grew into boy's estate, delighted to wander in the fields collecting "poundstones" (*Echinites*), "pundibs" (*Terebratula*), and other stony curiosities; and, receiving little education beyond what he taught himself, he learned nothing of classics but the name. Grown to be a man, he became a land surveyor and civil engineer, and by-and-by in the western parts of England was much engaged in constructing canals. While thus occupied, he observed that all the rocky masses forming the substrata of the country were gently inclined to the east and south-east—that the red sandstones and marls above the coal-measures passed below the beds provincially termed *lias* clay, and limestone—that these again passed underneath the sands, yellow limestones, and clays that form the table-land of the Cotswold Hills—while they in turn plunged beneath the great escarpment of chalk that runs from the coast of Dorsetshire northward to the Yorkshire shores of the German Ocean. Gifted with remarkable powers of observation, he further observed that each formation of clay, sand, or limestone held to a very great extent its own peculiar suite of fossils. The "snakestones" (*Ammonites*) of the *lias* were different in form and ornament from those of the inferior *oolite*; and the shells of the latter, again, differed from those of the Oxford clay, cornbrash, and

Kimmeridge clay. Pondering much on these things, he came to the then unheard-of conclusion that each formation had been in its turn a sea-bottom, in the sediments of which lived and died marine animals now extinct, many of them specially distinctive of their own epochs in time.

Here indeed was a discovery—made, too, by a man utterly unknown to the scientific world, and having no pretension to scientific lore. He spoke of it constantly to his friends, and at breakfast used to illustrate the subject with layers of bread-and-butter, placed with outcropping edges to represent the escarpments that mark the superposition of the strata. He talked of it wherever he went—at canal boards, county meetings, agricultural associations, and Woburn sheephearings—and once much astonished a scientific friend and clergyman of Bath by deranging the zoological classification of his cabinet of fossils, and rapidly re-arranging them all in stratigraphical order:—"These came from the blue lias, these from the overlying sand and freestone, these from the fuller's-earth, and these from the Bath building-stones." A new and unexpected light was thrown on the whole subject, and thenceforth the Rev. Samuel Richardson became his disciple and warmest advocate. But "Strata Smith" was too obscure and unscientific to be at once received as an apostle by the more distinguished geologists of the day. Could a country land surveyor pretend to teach them something more than was known to Werner and Hutton? He might preach about strata and their fossils through the length and breadth of England, but the structure of the Earth was not to be unravelled in this unlearned manner. Established geologists therefore pooh-poohed him, and it took many a long year before his principles, working their way, took effect on the geological mind. This long-delayed result was chiefly due to the discrimination of the now venerable Doctor Fitton; and the first geologists of the day learned from a busy land surveyor that superposition of strata is inseparably connected with the succession of life in time. The grand vision indulged in by the old physicist Hook was at length realized, and it was indeed possible "to build up a terrestrial chronology from rotten shells" embedded in the rocks. Now there could be no mistake that the time had arrived to do him honour, and through Sedgwick, the President of the Geological Society, William Smith was presented with the Wollaston medal, and hailed as "the Father of English geology;" and his reputation still further ripening, he was ultimately created LL.D. by the University of Oxford.

But during all this time he did not confine himself to the promulgation of his doctrines by words alone. By incessant journeys to and fro, on foot and on horseback, in gigs, chaises, and on the tops of stage coaches, he traversed the length and breadth of the land, and, maturing his knowledge of its rocks, constructed the first geological map of England. It was a work so masterly in conception and so correct in general outline, that in principle it served as a basis not only for the production of later maps of the British Islands, but for geological maps of all other parts of the world, wherever they have been undertaken; and thus the faintly expressed hope of Lister (1683) was accomplished, that if such and such soils and the underlying rocks were mapped, "something more might be comprehended from the whole, and from every part, than I can possibly foresee." In the apartments of the Geological Society Smith's map may yet be seen—a great historical document, old and worn, calling for renewal of its faded tints. Let any one conversant with the subject compare it with later works on a similar scale, and he will find that in all essential features it will not suffer by the comparison—the intricate anatomy of the Silurian rocks of Wales and the north of England by Murchison and Sedgwick being the chief additions made to his great generalizations. In 1840 he died, having, in his simple earnest way, gained for himself a name as lasting as the science he loved so well. Till the manner as well as the fact of the first appearance of successive forms of life shall be solved, it is not easy to surmise how any discovery can be made in geology equal in value to that which we owe to the genius of William Smith.

Since the publication of Smith's map, many others have appeared—the noble compilation for England by Greenough, the great original map of Scotland by Macculloch, and the yet finer map of Ireland by Sir Richard Griffith. The last is a work only less remarkable than Smith's in this—that, when commenced, the principles of geology were established, and he followed instead of leading the way. To these, of various dates, may be added the maps by Professor Phillips, Sir Roderick Murchison, and Knipe, and many others of districts in detail—an example first set by Smith in his geological maps of counties. But the most remarkable result of this appreciation of the growing value of the subject was the establishment of the Government Geological Survey of Great Britain, under the late Sir Henry De la Beche, to whom the whole honour is due of having commenced, and for many years successfully carried on, this great undertaking. From small beginnings in Cornwall he gradually extended his operations, and, aided by Government, he gradually trained or selected a corps of skilled geologists, who, ere his death in 1855, had already mapped and published nearly a half of England and Wales and part of the south of Ireland. The maps employed in this survey are the one-inch Ordnance sheets for the southern half of England, and the six-inch maps for Ireland, the north of England and Scotland. Each fault, each crop of coal, and every geological boundary is traced so minutely, that on some of the roughest and

loftiest hills in Wales, twenty geological lines may be counted in the space of an inch, corresponding to one mile of horizontal measurement; and all the country is traversed by numerous measured sections on which the structure and disposition of the rocky masses is laid down in still more precise detail. On the death of Sir Henry De la Beche the office of Director-General was conferred on Sir Roderick Murchison, himself a geological workman whose field of operations has extended from the Atlantic to the Caspian Sea.

The Government School of Mines and Geological Museum in Jermyn-street is an offshoot of the Survey. There, in addition to the published maps, other substantial proofs of the progress of the Survey are preserved and exhibited. Ores, metals, rocks, and whole suites of fossils are stratigraphically arranged in such a manner, that, with an observant eye for form, all may easily understand the more obvious scientific meanings of the succession of life in time and its bearing on geological economics. It is perhaps scarcely an exaggeration to say that the greater number of so-called educated persons are still ignorant of the meaning of this great doctrine. They would be ashamed not to know that there are many suns and material worlds besides our own; but the science, equally grand and comprehensible, that aims at the discovery of the laws that regulated the creation, extension, decadence, and utter extinction of many successive species, genera, and whole orders of life, is ignored, or, if intruded on the attention, is looked on as an uncertain and dangerous dream—and this in a country which was almost the nursery of geology, and which, for fifty-one years, has boasted the first Geological Society in the world. Several other governments have followed the example of that of Great Britain. Similar Surveys have long been established in France, Belgium, Austria, and the United States; and others will certainly be founded as knowledge progresses, and as those branches of material prosperity advance on which the subject immediately bears. A direct result, perhaps not at first foreseen by the founder of the British Survey, was the establishment of kindred undertakings in our possessions abroad. In 1843, a systematic geological survey was commenced in Canada, in 1846 in India, and at later dates in Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and Trinidad; and all of these sprang from the parent institution in which the chief Colonial geologists were trained in the field, while both the Survey and the School of Mines supplied many of the younger officers. We have before us a pile of Blue-books, Reports, and a large Atlas of the Geological Survey of Canada, published by order of the Legislative Assembly, and probably almost unknown in England except to a few scientific geologists. From them it appears that Sir William Logan, the Director of the Survey, and his assistants, have traversed and examined, for 1500 miles, every part of Canada, from Gaspé to the head of Lake Superior, following the lakes and the great and small rivers, and penetrating the forest-clad interior, often in districts utterly unvisited by settlers. The result is, that all the great geological features of Canada are laid down on the map, and in many districts, the most interesting new topographical and geological details have been inserted with unrivalled skill.

But those who merely look at the result have little idea of the difficulties that attend such an undertaking in a country the greater part of which is yet unreclaimed. From the want of accurate maps to serve as a foundation for geological work, Sir William and his assistants have actually been obliged in almost all cases to construct topographical plans—truly very different operations from those of an Ordnance Survey in fertile England, where houses and steeples, hill-tops and beacons, afford innumerable points for accurate triangulation, while all the minor field operations are carried on almost mechanically by well-trained Sappers and Miners. Though like in result also, their labour is yet very different in kind from English field-work in geology, where the explorer has road sections and railway cuttings, open rivers, quarries, and coal-pits, all waiting to afford him data. If the lowlands of England were partly, and the highlands of Scotland and Wales entirely, covered with lofty and almost impenetrable forests, and if the most experienced English geologists were turned loose upon these countries, and required to unravel all the intricacies of their stratifications, they would have some idea of a kind of geological labour not to be met with in any part of Europe out of Russia. On a gigantic scale, the great Lawrence chain, extending from Labrador to Lake Superior, might represent the highlands of Scotland—Gaspé the mountains of Wales—and the flat Silurian strata bordering the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, and Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron, might be compared, in their broad terraced arrangement, to the escarpments of the oolitic rocks and chalk in the centre of England. Geology is a delightful science, but it may be questioned if gentlemen who live at home at ease would in all cases be enthusiastic enough to devote themselves to it were they obliged, for half of every year, for half a lifetime, to rough it in dreary pine forests—to navigate newly-discovered rivers in birch-bark canoes made by Indian assistants on the spot—to sleep in birch-bark tents with their feet to nightly fires at the entrance—to be thankful when they fell in with a few wild onions to flavour their daily salt pork—to have their paths disputed by occasional bears in quarries, on the river banks, or the shores of the desolate Anticosti—and, worst of all, to have but little of that direct sympathy and clear appreciation of the scientific value of their labours of which men of science who work amid their peers daily experience

the value. The Government of Canada may well be proud of Sir William Logan and his well-selected staff, and the mother country has equal cause of gratulation that the great Imperial colony has emulated her example in founding, on a scale so large and efficient, a national work which no civilized country should be without.

THE END OF THE OXFORD COMMISSION.

THE powers of the Oxford Commission have just expired, and it is not right that its members should retire from their functions without some acknowledgment of the services they have rendered to the University and the public. Their labours have been severe. Between the 30th of August, 1854, when their sittings commenced, and the 24th of June, 1858, when they terminated, they held 193 meetings, generally of several hours' duration. They have framed ordinances for sixteen Colleges, equal in bulk, and in the labour required for their preparation, to as many Acts of Parliament, besides revising and approving the new statutes of three other Colleges, and a multiplicity of new regulations made by the University for the establishment of private Halls, and the improvement of various trusts. Their powers being limited and checked by the powers which the Act reposed in the Colleges, they have had to effect all this virtually by means of prolonged negotiations; and in those negotiations they have had considerable difficulties to overcome. Oxford Colleges are not tenacious in matters connected with the personal interests of their members, but they are tenacious of what they regard as principles; and they often regard as principles what, in point of fact, are matters of prejudice or custom. Thus the mass of correspondence was considerable, and the patience and forbearance of the parties was sometimes pretty severely tried. It triumphed, however, and not less in the Colleges than in the Commission. We believe the Commissioners would admit that, though they had often to encounter strong objections to necessary changes, they had never to encounter factious opposition, and that when the main questions had once been settled, they received in almost every instance the most cordial assistance in working out the details. They had, in fact, the advantage of treating with men of honour and gentlemen, and with men of sufficient sense and self-control to render a reasonable submission to the law, however much they might have been originally opposed to measures of reform. In this respect the conduct of the Colleges offered a decided contrast to that of their assumed defenders in Parliament, who had done their best to mangle, stultify, and render unworkable in detail, an Act the main objects of which they did not venture to oppose. Still there was enough to do; and it is to be remembered that some of the Commissioners had added these self-imposed and unpaid duties to the labours of a Cabinet Minister, a Judge, a Bishop. Others, who were more at liberty, must have made a considerable sacrifice of their own ease and comfort, and, in addition to the hours passed in the work of their office, must have travelled several thousand miles upon the public service. No country receives so large a tribute of gratuitous labour from its eminent citizens as England; and this is a fact which Mr. Bright and politicians of his school will do well to consider when they are inclined to bring sweeping charges of selfishness against the governing classes.

The Commissioners, co-operating with the Colleges, have opened all the fellowships, except half the fellowships of New College, which are still appropriated to Winchester, and half the fellowships of Jesus, which are still appropriated to Wales. They have opened all the scholarships except those of New College and Jesus, and a portion of those at Exeter. They have largely increased the number, and probably they have nearly doubled the aggregate value, of the scholarships and exhibitions in the University, and thus largely augmented the openings for young men of merit. They have cleared the fellowships and scholarships of other noxious restrictions besides the principal ones of birthplace, school, and kindred, and have considerably added to the number of fellowships permanently tenable by laymen. They have also added considerably to the means of support at the University for resident learned men and first-rate teachers, by extending the professoriate, and making appropriations out of the revenues of Colleges towards its utter endowment; and if this part of their work is the least satisfactory and complete, it must be remembered that the Colleges had a veto on any appropriations of their property to University purposes, and that the prejudice to be contended with was naturally strong. Each College has received, in place of a despotism, absolute or qualified, a constitution as free as that which was bestowed on the University by the Act of Parliament. And last, not least, a power has been conferred on each College, with the consent of the Visitor or the Crown in Council, of amending its own statutes, and thereby accommodating itself to changing circumstances from time to time without the necessity of any further interference of the Legislature. The question of religious restrictions on fellowships and scholarships has been left, in effect, *in statu quo*, the Act of Parliament having given no instructions on the subject. Nor has the question of the marriage of Fellows been touched, except in the case of professors and eminent literary and scientific men, who are specially permitted, by a vote of the College, to hold fellowships though

married. In regard to the last-named question, however, advanced reformers must allow that public opinion was not ripe, and that the Commissioners could hardly be expected to move much in advance of public opinion.

There seemed every prospect that the whole would be brought to an amicable conclusion, and that the University would not have to encounter the risk and annoyance of being brought before Parliament again. But this expectation has, unhappily, been frustrated by the final resistance of St. John's College—a College which any one acquainted with Oxford would consider to stand in need of improvement as well as its neighbours, but which, from its extreme closeness, is too much isolated from the rest of the University to be affected by general opinion, or to share in the pervading impression that it was necessary to submit to reasonable measures of reform. The Fellows of St. John's have demanded that they should be allowed to retain a clear majority of close fellowships, the result of which would inevitably be to restore the general close character of the College; and this at the same time that the members of that College are admitted to free competition for all the other fellowships which are thrown open in the University. The Commissioners considered that they could not, as trustees for the objects of the Legislature, accede to this demand, more especially as they had required even New College, in spite of its strong Wykehamist traditions, to open half its fellowships; and the majority of the governing body of St. John's have in effect set their hands to a declaration, that to have half its fellowships open to merit would be "injurious to the College as a place of learning and education." The Commissioners, as prescribed by the Act in a case of final disagreement, have made a Report to the Home Secretary, which has been laid before Parliament; and a special Act will, no doubt, pass for St. John's College. It is absurd to suppose that the Legislature will allow this particular College to escape the provisions of the general Act. But the rupture is deeply to be regretted in the interest of the University; and we believe we are justified in saying that this evil was not incurred till every resource of negotiation had been exhausted. However, this is the single exception to a general happy result. The University has, on the whole, gone through a great crisis in its history safely and without loss of independence; and she will commence with new life and powers a course of increased usefulness to the nation.

THE LAST OF THE FACTION FIGHTS.

IF stirring a fire were the best way of making it die out, Mr. Fitzgerald's motion, condemning the recent appointment of Mr. Cecil Moore, would have been an extremely judicious and patriotic proceeding. On the other side of the Channel, Mr. Fitzgerald is doubtless regarded by his friends as a distinguished apostle of peace and good will; but Irishmen have a peculiar method of their own for appeasing strife, which experience has unfortunately shown not to be very successful. The gathering-place consecrated to the most rabid nonsense that was ever uttered was baptised by the appropriate name of Conciliation Hall; and the most insane and impotent of all attempts at rebellion was ushered in by earnest aspirations for universal concord. In the good old times, before Irish pugnacity had been snuffed out at the battle of the cabbage-garden, it was quite a matter of course that professions of loyalty should cover a taste for treason, and a pretended love of peace be made the excuse for religious intolerance and party insults. But things have changed since then. Notwithstanding the recent outbreak of the old feeling in the House of Commons, and an occasional absurd disturbance like that which has lately enlivened the streets of Belfast, we really believe that the Irishman of 1858 is altogether a different being from what he was only ten years ago. A few distinguished specimens of the genuine type still remain, and Mr. Fitzgerald seems ambitious of being numbered among them. The tailor of the old story who rushed into a faction fight for no better reason than that the was "blue-moulded for want of a bating," has become an anachronism, and it is in vain that Mr. Fitzgerald endeavours to revive the heroism of past days, by making a very pretty quarrel out of an affair that he found it impossible to magnify into any kind of importance. The occasion of Mr. Fitzgerald's philippics was only this. A man who had once held office in an Orange Lodge had been appointed to a Government situation of 150*l.* a-year, and had immediately broken off his connexion with the Society. If nothing had been said, the appointment, whether judicious or not, would scarcely have operated as a very considerable encouragement to Protestant bigotry. Few persons would have cared to inquire whether Mr. Moore had been an Orangeman or not, and as he was confessedly a most competent man for the office conferred upon him, no appreciable harm would have been done by the bad taste of Mr. Whiteside in promoting a member of an institution which was once formidable, but is rapidly becoming ridiculous. But for Mr. Fitzgerald's eagerness for a fray, there was great danger that the matter might have passed over without a row, and it was the duty of an Irishman of the true sort to prevent so unfortunate a waste of opportunity. Perhaps, after all, the incident is rather satisfactory than otherwise; for if the debate showed that at least one man survives who takes the old view of Ireland, and regards it merely as a great menagerie stocked with Ribandmen and Orangemen in

close though not amiable companionship, like the lion and tiger in one den of a country showman, there was abundant evidence that these lively notions have already become obsolete.

Even the universal denouncer, the member for Sheffield, was obliged for once in his life to pronounce a verdict of acquittal, and declined to back up the anti-Orange demonstration. A little puff of historical and party spleen from Lord John Russell was positively the only sort of encouragement given to Mr. Fitzgerald's endeavour to get up a faction fight. Lord Palmerston could scarcely make the charge a vehicle for an effective sneer, and very properly condemned the idea of dividing the House for no purpose but to foster animosity. The Government speakers were of course in exultation at the false move which enabled them almost to boast of an exercise of petty patronage of which the best that can be said is that it was too insignificant to be worthy of remark. Even the mover himself found the means of exciting party passion less ready than the will, and was unable to scrape together any more provoking accusations than those which were abundant enough before the year 1836. We really do not regard Orangemen exactly as lambs, but an attack upon them for the deeds of their fathers twenty years ago savours too much of the argument of the wolf in the fable. The discussion was altogether out of date, and has only added another evidence of the great revolution that has taken place in Ireland and the Irish. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between Mr. Fitzgerald's picture of the Orange Institution of 1836, presided over by a Royal Duke, and mingling with happy skill a little loyalty with a vast amount of intolerance, and the revived Orange Society of 1858, shorn of its splendour, frightened out of its secret oaths, and incapable of mischief beyond the limits of a Belfast row. We have no love for those who seek to perpetuate animosity by clinging to their old associations, and keeping up absurd processions for the pleasure of disgracing their religion by party warfare. But if some Orangemen are as mischievous as the times allow them to be, opponents who seize on every occasion to prolong the feud are every whit as bad. Mr. Fitzgerald, flourishing his rhetorical shelagh in the House of Commons, is a good companion picture to Mr. Hanna denouncing the Pope in the Roman Catholic quarter of Belfast.

The reception of Mr. Fitzgerald's oration will not encourage the repetition of such breaches of the peace, and if both sides can only be induced to hold their tongues for a short time, we may reasonably hope to see the last relics of factious associations consigned to early oblivion. Such social funguses grew kindly enough in the days of the penal laws and the '98. There was a congenial soil for them, too, in the Ireland of O'Connell, and Meagher, and Smith O'Brien. But the famine and the exodus have purged the rankness of the soil—the unshackling of the land has opened a new course of progress—and the invasion of Saxon enterprise has visibly leavened the mass of Irish society. Crime has sunk to about an English level, and the poverty that remains is absolute wealth compared with the destitution that was once the normal condition of the people. These are unpromising symptoms for the lovers of faction fights. Men are too busy and too comfortable to trail their coats at Donnybrook, and much too well off to trouble themselves over-much about secret societies. Lean conspirators are getting scarce, and Mr. Fitzgerald must resign himself to the inevitable advent of times when he will not have so much as the ghost of a political society on which to pour the vials of his overflowing benevolence. There will soon, perhaps, be no one to thrash for the sake of peace, and scarcely a soul to abuse in the cause of universal brotherhood. What the champions of tranquillity are to do when there is no one to coerce into gentleness, we do not pretend to say; but we fear that even so stout a tranquillizer as the late Attorney-General of Ireland will be obliged to lay up his weapon among the sad relics of the departed glory of his once pugnacious country.

THE SOLUTION OF THE THAMES PROBLEM.

IT may seem a selfish and merely metropolitan view of affairs to say that the Thames difficulty is the question of the day. Possibly we are afflicted with a narrow and unphilosophical spirit; but really we do not know any subject half so important as one which intimately concerns the health, and even the existence, of the two millions and more of our London population. Was there ever a nation before, which quietly laid aside the question whether a tenth part of its population was to be allowed the privilege of breathing air instead of sulphuretted hydrogen, as a mere local matter to be consigned to the wisdom and energy of a parochial board? There is not a particle of exaggeration in saying that deaths by tens and hundreds of thousands are the necessary consequence of the state of the Thames; but because we are used to our normal condition of excessive mortality and perpetual miasma, we acquiesce, with only a few feeble murmurs, in the gradual development of a nuisance which threatens soon to make the metropolis of England one of the unhealthiest spots on the face of the globe. The worst aspect of the affair is the length of time which has been occupied with the discussion of schemes of every kind, any one of which would greatly mitigate the evil if they had not all been left in abeyance until engineers could agree which plan was the best, and until Parliament should decide on some feasible mode of raising the necessary funds. For twenty years and more, all the highest authorities on this branch of engineering

have been at work upon it. Civil engineers and Royal engineers, Local Boards and Royal Commissioners, have sought a solution in vain; for as yet the difficulties of the undertaking have proved too great for their ingenuity to surmount. The task is one that seems to call for the intervention of some Hercules designed by Providence to save us from cholera, typhus, and diphtheria. The pleasant historians in whom Don Quixote delighted always contrived to find a knight predestined to slay every monster that was a scourge to the human race. If a dragon depopulated a province, sooner or later a stout St. George would arise to vanquish the devouring beast. The winding Thames is our slimy dragon, to whose fatal jaws hecatombs of victims are annually consigned. But where is our St. George? Our regular champions have failed us utterly, and the vaunted resources of modern engineering skill have been unable to extricate us from the folds of our river monster. A quarter of a century of incessant discussion has been too little to perfect a plan.

But we are happy to say the problem is solved at last. The destined knight is found. Sir Joseph Paxton has announced to the House that he "devoted the whole of last Saturday to a consideration of the difficulties attending the present condition of the Thames," and we need be under no more anxiety on the subject. Carping detractors may say that Sir Joseph is grossly ignorant of engineering science, and that the architect of the Crystal Palace has not the slightest knowledge of the art of construction. But what of this? Have not our engineers failed us, and where is the necessity for mere professional knowledge to a man endowed with heroic powers? We are not to be put out of conceit of our omnipotent knight by the paltry cavils of persons who have spent their lives in studying the subject which Sir Joseph masters in a day. Genius is never without detractors; and we well remember the envious scorn with which architects and engineers mocked at the Sydenham water-towers that were built on a foundation of sand. They were right, indeed, in the mere facts—the towers had no foundation, and would not stand. But this only brought out the decision of character which always accompanies genius. Did not Sir Joseph pull down his towers and build them up again on a new foundation? And we should like to know what engineer could have suggested a wiser course? And if his plans for the purification of the Thames should prove also to be founded on sand, we have the most perfect confidence that his fertile brain will always be ready to give birth to one new project after another, if we will only consent to give him the money with which to carry out his magnificent conceptions. The great fault of our engineers, who have nothing but knowledge of their business to trust to, is that they do not form adequate conceptions of the vastness of the undertaking before them. They give up one plan because it would cost 10,000,000*l.*, and denounce another because it might possibly be the means of throwing away 5,000,000*l.* without doing much good at last. There is no weakness of this sort about Sir Joseph. Only trust to him, and he will freely spend a hundred millions in carrying out a plan matured in a single day. Of all his great qualities, this princely contempt for cost is perhaps the most remarkable. A mere architect would not have ventured to sink a million and a half in the construction of a building and a garden estimated at one-third of the sum. Any one but Sir Joseph would have sacrificed the grand idea of the Crystal Palace to paltry considerations of profits and dividends, and we do not hesitate to say that we owe the costly splendour of the Sydenham glass bubble to the audacious genius of a man who would suffer nothing to impair the realization of the most expensive design that ever entered into a human mind. In art and science there is no genius without audacity, no inspiration without extravagance. We judge therefore by the fruits, and we challenge any one to produce an architect or engineer who, tried by these tests of inspiration and genius, can approach Sir Joseph Paxton. Why do not we make Sir Joseph Dictator of Sewers and Grand Purifier of the Thames, with unlimited authority to spend what he likes, and do what he can? There would be a peculiar fitness in committing this Thames drainage, which seems to be the most costly of all modern enterprises, to a man who has laid out so much of other people's money as to have lost all that nervousness about expense which hampers the efforts of ordinary engineers. But the work is not only the most costly, but it is also the most pressing in the world; and must we not again recognise the providential fitness of a schemer who would act upon a day's deliberation with more confidence than a Bidder or a Hawkeley would feel after the study of years? It is idle to beat about the bush any longer. We have a frightfully expensive work that must be done at once, and there is no one on the face of the earth who would spend our money as promptly and as freely as Sir Joseph Paxton. He would doubtless be content to look to posterity for his reward. He has already given his name to a gutter; why should he not be allowed to stand sponsor to a drain?

But, we may be asked, what is the plan that resulted from the deliberations of that entire Saturday, which will henceforth be an epoch in sanitary science? We must explain that Sir Joseph did not profess to propound at once the whole of the scheme which he has doubtless formed for the solution of the great Thames problem. All that he announced to the House of Commons was the temporary expedient by which the threatened pestilence was to be stayed, pending the preparation of permanent measures of relief. Ill-natured readers who do not appreciate

our knight errant may affect to laugh at the proposal, but we shall not be deterred from stating what it was, nor do we feel the least doubt that it will fully sustain Sir Joseph's deserved reputation at its present height. The plan is simple in the extreme—being merely to stuff up all the main sewers with lime, which is known to be an effectual deodorizer. It is proposed to cart this substance into the sewers some three-quarters of a mile above their outfall; and no one who knows anything of the subject will deny, that if the deposit could only be carried away by the flow of the sewage water, the remedy, if applied on a sufficient scale, would afford an almost perfect cure for the stench that is poisoning London, and driving the members of the Legislature prematurely from their posts. It is true that eminent engineers say that the insoluble deposit created by throwing lime into sewage matter would choke up the sewers altogether, and we believe they are right; but Sir Joseph is not a man to be baffled by a little difficulty of this kind, and it was not his business to know the mechanical and chemical operation of lime upon sewage. That was for professional men to point out; and as soon as the objection is submitted to the genius of a Paxton, we have not the smallest doubt that he will be ready with another plan.

We protest, therefore, against any little defects of this kind being made the ground of distrusting the deliverer who is to save us from infection. Any less important man who has studied the subject can point out the objections to the plans which the master mind may emit. The function of Sir Joseph is not to bother himself with chemical experiments, but just to ignore the difficulties which scientific grubbers declare to be insurmountable. But Parliament must give him *carte blanche*, and we cannot understand why he was not unanimously voted into the office which he seems to be so ready to undertake. If the House had been in the habit of considering him a projector whose only merits were the liberality with which he spent his employers' money, and the tact with which he occasionally took credit for the skill of his subordinates, we could comprehend the apparent reluctance to put the Thames in his hands. But this has not been so. The House always listens to him with an exceptional deference seldom paid to any but those who speak on subjects which they understand; and it is not many years since a Committee gravely reported on his magnificent project for surrounding London with a great glass girdle, at a cost of, we think, thirty or forty millions. These are great marks of respect to a man who has no pretensions to scientific knowledge, and yet the House still hesitates to trust the same authority in the pressing difficulty of the London drainage. This strikes us as somewhat inconsistent. Either the customary deference is misplaced, or the present neglect is unpardonable. One way or the other, we fear that Sir Joseph Paxton is not appreciated by the House of Commons exactly at his right value.

OTTAVIA.

IT is not easy for Englishmen to enter into the spirit or discover the merits of Alfieri's plays. The language is terse, and the characters are conceived and worked out with a certain vigour, but the interest of the whole is singularly slight, and neither the means employed nor the end aimed at seems worth the trouble of the tragedian. In *Ottavia* considerable ingenuity is displayed in constructing five acts with only five *dramatis personæ*. The machinery of messengers, attendants, guards, and other subordinates is dispensed with, and the principal characters are always talking to and at each other. But the artist has triumphed to very little purpose—he has overcome a difficulty which he had himself created. Nor would it be easy to find a play in which the unities are observed with so much inconvenience to the drama. The whole five acts take place in the same room in Nero's palace; but this is effected at the cost of making an apartment in which Nero has a confidential conversation with his mistress also do duty as a prison for his wife. In Alfieri the traditions of the Greek drama have become not so much guides of art as problems to be solved; and if any of the problems can be made a little harder, so much the greater glory for the artist.

The language of *Ottavia* is its best feature. The plot is very uninteresting, and neither in the characters nor in the movement of the play is there any excitement. Nero and Seneca begin; and while Seneca reproaches Nero with deserting Octavia, Nero reproaches Seneca with a deflexion from the absolute strictness of Stoical virtue. Historically, Seneca may have laid himself open to this imputation, but an analysis of the inconsistencies of a philosopher is dull work in a tragedy. Poppæa comes on in a fright, lest Nero should intend to sacrifice her to the just claims of his highly-born wife, but is reassured by her lover informing her that he intends to recal Octavia only to find some decent way of killing her. The second act is occupied with a plot between Poppæa and Tigellinus, who, to make assurance doubly sure, invent the decent pretext which Nero wants, and inform the Emperor that Octavia has been guilty of an intrigue with her slave Eucerus. It is not till towards the close of this act that Octavia comes on the stage. She is represented as fully aware of Nero's cruelty, baseness, and hatred of herself, but as devotedly attached to him. Nero accuses her of infidelity, and all she implores is that he will be pleased to kill her without staining her reputation. This does not suit Nero's views, partly because it

would be too kind, and partly because Octavia is beloved by the populace, and she must be dishonoured before it is safe to despatch her.

The third act is occupied partly with the fears of Nero—who is terrified at a commotion of the mob calling for its beloved Octavia, and for vengeance on her enemies—and partly with a sparring between Octavia and Poppæa, in which the latter triumphs insolently in having secured Nero's love, and the former gives vent to the feelings which a nobly born wife may be supposed to entertain for an ignobly born mistress. During the fourth act, Octavia is absent, and the action of the play scarcely proceeds a step. Seneca warns Poppæa that if she procures the death of Octavia she will suffer in her turn, and Poppæa and Tigellinus keep Nero up to his work. In the fifth act, Octavia, who is a prisoner by Nero's orders, determines to kill herself, and persuades Seneca to let her have possession of a ring he wears containing poison. She takes it, and then Nero and Poppæa enter. Far from feeling remorse, Nero assures Octavia that he will only the more devote himself to Poppæa because Octavia is out of the way, and lets Seneca know that he must die as well as his accomplice. Octavia dies on the stage, and the curtain falls on her dead body, and on the coarse and silly couple who have worked her destruction. The tragic element is studiously preserved by there being nothing to lessen the shock of Octavia's death—no repentance of Nero, no failure of Poppæa, no prophecy or anticipation of coming retribution. But the effect is spoiled by the character of those who cause Octavia's death; and the pity and terror caused by her fate are lost in disgust at the petty effrontery of Poppæa and the low brutality of Nero.

We cannot think that the play gives a favourable field for the display of Madame Ristori's powers. During at least one-half of the piece she is off the stage; and the parts where she is absent are intolerably dull, not only because she is away, but because the minor characters are poor and almost repulsive in themselves. Still, there are fine passages and telling points, of which Madame Ristori makes the most. The union of tenderness and haughtiness which runs through Octavia's character is represented with the delicacy and evenness of acting which Madame Ristori never fails to exhibit. She has also an opportunity of displaying her skill in invention, and her air of contemptuous command when she is confronted with her rival. But Octavia really only lives to die; and if it were not for the protracted death-scene in the last act, it is scarcely probable that Madame Ristori would have thought it worth while to revive *Ottavia*. The exhibition of the agonies and anguish of a death-scene has become a recognised test of the merits of a tragic actress since Madlle. Rachel carried success in this line to so high a pitch. Perhaps the long and violent speeches which Octavia makes while, as she tells us, "the poison creeps through her veins," a little detract from the effect which the long time she takes to die might be expected to produce. But Madame Ristori does all that can be done to sustain our interest, and, while depicting the terrible crisis with fidelity, omits or disguises such of its attendant features as are simply revolting.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

THE return of Signor Tamberlik is a welcome event to the frequenters of the Royal Italian Opera. He appeared on Tuesday evening in the character of Otello, and showed that his powers are in no way impaired. The celebrated *ut dièse*, with which he has lately been astonishing the Parisians, was duly produced, and elicited its usual effect—an encore. This extraordinary note, however, we look upon rather as a musical curiosity than as intrinsically valuable in itself. The mere fact of being able to produce from the chest a note half a tone higher than any other recorded singer would be but a small advantage, were it not connected with other more solid qualifications. We have heard, in fact, of a voice which can, or could, go yet one half note beyond this, though we cannot vouch as ear-witnesses for the fact. The peculiarities of Signor Tamberlik's voice are well known. It is powerful rather than sweet, but of a fine, even quality through the extensive range of two octaves, brilliant and voluble, but affected to a considerable degree with that tremulous rattle which we can never look upon as anything else than a defect, though in certain passages of emotion it may seem appropriate. An excellent pronunciation, abundance of physical energy, and correct histrionic instinct combine to make the performances of Signor Tamberlik exceedingly effective, although he has never carried the public captive to the same extent as a Rubini or a Mario, by mere luxury of sound. The opening address of Otello to the senate "*Vincemmo o Padri*" was delivered by Signor Tamberlik with dignity and spirit—he certainly looked the heroic Moor well. Rossini's hero is indeed a very different person from that of Shakspeare. The transformation of the rough Otello of the English tragedy into the warbling tenor of an Italian opera is an audacious idea. But Signor Tamberlik throws into the part enough of the more prominent features which we usually connect with the name of Otello to answer all operative purposes. While he delights our ears with floriture and roulades, he keeps us sufficiently in mind that we have before us a man supposed to be a successful warrior, and the victim of love and jealousy.

The singer's great triumph is in the duet with Iago, "L'ira d'avverso fato," in which that piercing chest note is shouted forth with astonishing effect. This duet was encored. Madame Grisi sung the willow song, "Assisa a piè d'un salice," in a pathetic manner; but in the prayer which follows, "Deh calma, o ciel," the most beautiful air in the opera, we could have dispensed with some of the ornament with which the songstress overlaid it. Rossini is the admitted victim of ornamentation, but here and there we could wish to preserve a few phrases in their native purity.

The second-rate part of Roderigo was made exceedingly effective by the excellent singing of Signor Neri-Baraldi; and the trio in the first act, "Ti parli l'amore," in which his voice was prominently useful, was perhaps the most charming among the concerted pieces, which throughout went remarkably well. Signor Neri-Baraldi introduced a scena in the beginning of the second act, for the sake of displaying his talents in a solo, and sang it so well as to justify the interpolation. With Tagliafico as Elmiro, the father of Desdemona, and Ronconi as Iago, the cast was as complete as could be.

The opera is put on the stage with suitable splendour. The scenes representing the interior of Venetian palaces evidently owe much to the hints of the author of the *Stones of Venice*. The band, under M. Costa's guidance, is in admirable order, and did full justice to the music of Rossini.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IT is now thirty years since M. de Sacy first made his *début* as a writer for the press in the *Journal des Débats*. The choicest fruits of his labours in one particular field of journalism—namely, literature—are now before us in the shape of two octavo volumes,* which give ample evidence that the exalted position which the writer occupies as the *facile princeps* of French journalists has not been secured without great skill, assiduity, and talent. "Le même travail a rempli toute ma vie; j'ai fait des articles de journaux, je n'ai pas fait autre chose. Encore n'ai-je travaillé qu'à un seul journal, le *Journal des Débats*. J'y travaille depuis trente ans. En quatre mots voilà toute mon histoire." The marvel is, that a collection of newspaper articles which, at the time of their first appearance, must have appeared to the reader of so ephemeral a character, should cut so good a figure and present such sterling qualities when taken out of their original setting. It is probable that these volumes will be read with greater relish, and meet with a wider circulation in England than in France; for there most educated persons must have already become acquainted with their contents. Every one, however, must consider it no small gain to have on his shelves a series of essays (for such they are rather than reviews) from the pen of a man so conspicuous for elevation of thought and purity of diction. As M. de Sacy himself admits, he has no pretensions to be either a "grand critique" or a "grand érudit;" but for urbanity of style, and elegance of taste, it may safely be asserted that he is second to none among those who occupy the judgment-seat of literary criticism. His close familiarity with the great writers of the Augustan age of French literature gives to everything he writes a classical tone and colour, a gentlemanlike ease and self-possession, which we rarely meet with in the effusions of a professional *littérateur*. The articles are classed under three heads—twenty on *Littérature*, twenty-six on *Morale*, and thirty-one on *Histoire*. It would, of course, be impossible in a few lines to convey any idea of the extreme variety of the subjects discussed. To our mind, the gems of the volume are the *Essays* on Bossuet and Pascal, and the other great lights of the seventeenth century. It is evidently here that M. de Sacy is most at home. He writes *con amore*, and, as we read, we feel as if he deserved himself to figure in the age to which he yields such hearty homage. To any one who wishes to improve and cultivate his taste for all that is best in French literature, these volumes will be a most valuable guide. In the present degraded state of the French press, it is no small consolation to think that there are yet to be found, in the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, a knot of public writers who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and who, in the teeth of a grinding despotism, have succeeded in maintaining unimpaired an unflinching attachment to everything honest and of good report. The difficulties they have to contend with in the discharge of their duty can only be rightly estimated by those who are familiar with what goes on behind the scenes, and who know what emanates from the bureau of a coarse *sabreur* like Espinasse. But, though debarred from entering the arena of politics, they never cease in the field of literature from raising their voice in behalf of the good and the true, and so patiently bide their time until this tyranny be overpast. The credit of this result we believe to be owing in great measure to the talent, tact, and spirit of their chief, M. de Sacy. On every ground, therefore, we cordially recommend these volumes to the attention of our readers.

It was a great relief to us, when we reached the end of the

third volume* of *Prince Eugène's Memoirs and Correspondence* to find that the Editor intended for the future to suppress the major part of the letters concerning the organization of Napoleon's armies in Italy; for the volume in question is filled from beginning to end with little else, and most weary work it is to wade one's way through a shoal of details which M. Du Casse may call "vrais" if he pleases, but which we cannot allow him to call "intéressants." The only redeeming feature in the book is to be found in some curious particulars concerning the quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope. There are one or two very remarkable letters of Napoleon which amply repay all the effort and fatigue to be undergone before one gets to them. Nothing can exceed the withering contempt which he showers down upon "cette prétraille romaine."

On the other hand, the third and concluding volume† of the *Memoirs of Miot de Melito* is, if possible, of yet greater interest than the two first to which we have already called the reader's attention. The period embraced ranges from 1808 to 1815, and for the first five years the author is in Spain, with his friend and patron, Joseph. The dislike which the Emperor entertained for Joseph is brought out very strongly in this volume, heightened as it was by the reverses of the Peninsular War, the blame of which the Emperor was ever anxious to transfer from his own shoulders to those of his brother. Again and again did Miot urge Joseph to resign a throne on which he held so precarious and withal so uneasy a seat. But decision of character was not a quality for which Joseph was in any way remarkable; so in Spain he remained, bullied by his brother, thwarted by his generals, and hated by his subjects. The conclusion of the volume gives us a very graphic picture of the growing disaffection towards the Emperor. In 1813 Miot writes, on the occasion of a visit to Paris:—"L'aspect de Paris était infiniment triste, et le plus fâcheux symptôme de l'état de l'opinion que j'y observai, était que, malgré le chagrin causé par nos malheurs militaires, il se manifestait une sorte de satisfaction des revers qu'éprouvait l'empereur, parce qu'ils étaient un châtement de son ambition. Les esprits désaffectionnés séparaient la France de son chef, et l'humiliation de l'Empereur semblait consoler des maux de la patrie." During the *Cent-Jours* Miot was sent as Commissaire Extraordinaire into four of the western departments in order to cater for Imperial enthusiasm. The following passage contains an honourable and candid statement of the manner in which he acquitted himself of a task which he seems to have found sufficiently odious. He writes on his return to Paris:—"A la vérité, je ne laissais derrière moi—du moins j'osais m'en flatter—le souvenir d'aucune vexation individuelle, d'aucun acte de violence ou de passion; je n'avais poursuivi ni tourmenté les hommes d'une opinion différente de la mienne; j'avais même fermé les yeux sur bien des torts politiques qu'excusait la difficulté des circonstances. Néanmoins j'étais loin d'éprouver cette satisfaction intérieure que donne à un homme public la conviction d'avoir coopéré, dans la sphère de ses attributions, au bonheur de ses concitoyens. Les avais-je servis ou égarés? avais-je, dans mes choix, assuré ou compromis leur repos? c'est ce que le temps seul pouvait m'apprendre, et il ne tarda pas à me prouver que tout ce que j'avais fait avait été, sinon nuisible, au moins inutile." (p. 392) This is but one out of many samples of the independent spirit in which Miot at all times executed the missions assigned to him. It would be well if Imperial despots were always served by men of such conscientious integrity as the author of these *Memoirs*. We ought to mention that while in Spain, he frequently steps aside from the ordinary course of his narrative, to give us an account of noteworthy places, such as Seville and Granada. With regard to the former place, he differs from other writers in reference to the clever rebus which figures on the arms of the city. This consists, as some of our readers are probably aware, of the two syllables, "no, do," with a skein shaped like an 8 interposed. Now, as the Spanish for skein is *majada*, this would run, "no madejado;" or, more fully, "no me ha dejado"—i.e., "he has not abandoned me." So, at least, says Miot, who explains it as referring to some King of Castile who came to the rescue of Seville, when that town was hard pressed by the Moors. Latour, however, and other writers, take the nominative to be Seville itself, and date the *jeu de mots* from the time of Alphonso the Wise, 1283. Our opinion on this matter is of infinitesimal value, but we must say we greatly prefer Miot's version.

We suppose there are persons to be found who take an interest in the present condition and future prospects of Egypt. In fact, the Suez question makes that country a somewhat popular topic. Be this as it may, we have before us a very full account of the government, and every administrative department, civil and military, of Egypt, from the pen of M. Merriam, a thoroughgoing partisan of the Suez scheme, and prodigal, accordingly, of abuse of England and of flattery towards Egypt. It is this tendency which makes us naturally look with some suspicion on the *couleur de rose* with which he invests all the reforms and administrative machinery now in vogue, under the auspices of Mohammed Said. The chapter we have read with the greatest

* *Mémoires et Correspondance du Prince Eugène*. Tome iii. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito*. Tome iii. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ *L'Egypte Contemporaine (1840-1857) de Mehemet Ali à Saïd Pacha*. Par M. Paul Merriam. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

* *Variétés Littéraires, Morales et Historiques*. Par M. S. de Sacy, de l'Académie Française. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

interest is that on the tenure of property. Saïd Pacha has introduced some important modifications that go far to create the existence of private property, which has hitherto been unknown in Egypt from time immemorial. It would be difficult to over estimate the influence of so vital a reform on the general civilization of the country. Among the *Pièces Justificatives* will be found a host of documents on the Suez Canal.

M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, by his translation of Aristotle's *Poetics*,* has added another stone to the vast fabric he is engaged in erecting—namely, an entire translation of the works of the Stagyræite. Among the questions discussed in the preface, which extends over seventy-eight pages, one of course is the famous definition of tragedy. M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire is of opinion that it has given rise to a vast amount of most unnecessary discussion. "Il ne faut donc pas chercher si loin la pensée d'Aristote. Quand il demande que la tragédie épure la pitié et la terreur en nous, il veut dire simplement que ces deux passions, ressenties par l'auditeur intelligent d'une œuvre bien faite, ne doivent rien avoir de cette amertume et de cette angoisse qu'elles ont dans la réalité." (p. xliii.) This interpretation of the *katharsis* is in great measure corroborated by a parallel passage on music in the *Politics*. The remainder of the preface is occupied with the analysis and criticism of Aristotle's views on Tragedy and Epopee—M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire confronting the *Poetics* with the admirable *Discours sur le Poème Dramatique* of Corneille. The most serious charge we have to make against this, as against all M. St. Hilaire's translations, with the exception of the first edition of the *Politics*, is the omission of the Greek text. We presume it is a concession to the low state of Greek scholarship in France. But this was precisely the reason why the translator should have turned a deaf ear to the expostulations of his publisher. M. St. Hilaire is of opinion that the twentieth and following chapters on points of grammar are an interpolation. He rests his argument on a comparison with the *Hermeneia*, which he finds to be much more full and accurate. We confess the argument seems to us somewhat flimsy. The *Poetics* are evidently nothing more than a rough draught of a work which Aristotle either did not live to complete, or which at any rate has not come down to us in a finished shape. We should hesitate, therefore, in pronouncing the non-authenticity of any portion merely on the ground that it loses by comparison with more elaborate compositions with which time has dealt more leniently.

The *Littérature* of Froissart has recently received a valuable addition from the pen of M. Kervyn de Lettenhove.† Some years ago the Académie Française awarded a medal to the author for an Essay on Froissart, though at the same time it pointed out omissions, rather than defects, which precluded it from giving the prize in its entirety. It is not this Essay which is now published. On the contrary, M. de Lettenhove assures us that "pas une page du mémoire adressé à l'Académie Française n'a été conservée." The work grew under the process of revision into a totally new shape, and assumed a wider scope. As it stands, it throws considerable light not only on Froissart, but on the fourteenth century generally, its literature and habits of thought and life. The first volume follows Froissart from his cradle to his grave—follows him through England, France, and Italy, to the court of Brabant, to the château of Gui de Blois, to Flanders, Bearn, and Lille. We then have an account of his relations, social and literary, with the seigneurs and authors of his age, and so on till his death. The second volume treats of Froissart under the twofold aspect of *Chronicqueur* and *Poète*; and it is here that the author enlarges, as we have said, upon the leading features of the fourteenth century, before he passes on to an examination of the immortal *Chroniques*. In point of research, we think M. de Lettenhove deserves full credit; but in his literary appreciations, in his estimate of everything that constitutes Froissart's truest beauty and most sterling worth, he will scarcely, we think, satisfy the legitimate expectations of those who not only extol but read Froissart.

M. Camboulin has already figured, many months ago, in the columns of this journal as the author of *Les Femmes d'Homère*. He now comes before us with an Essay on Catalan Literature.‡ The subject is one on which he can speak with a certain amount of authority, for Catalonia, it seems (p. 83), was the home of his forefathers—its language the speech of his infancy. His great object is to show that Catalan literature ought not to be classed as a mere appurtenance of Provençal literature, but that it holds a substantive rank in its own right, and is marked with features peculiarly its own, both in forms of diction and in cast of thought. M. Camboulin divides the history of Catalan literature into three periods—from the thirteenth to the middle of the fourteenth century, from thence to the middle of the fifteenth, and, finally, from the middle of the fifteenth to the union of the crowns of Catalonia and Castile. The essay winds up with a translation of a Catalan poem, *La Comedia della gloria d'Amor*, and with some fragments of a Catalan translation of Dante.

We have before us a pile of books which we are somewhat

* *Poétique d'Aristote*. Traduite en Français, et accompagnée de Notes perpétuelles, par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Froissart: Étude Littéraire sur le Quatorzième Siècle*. Par M. Kervyn de Lettenhove. 2 vols. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate.

‡ *Essai sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Catalane*. Par F. R. Camboulin. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

puzzled to know what to do with. We suppose they call themselves light literature, though some of them are assuredly the heaviest reading we ever came across. There is, however, one most honourable exception in the heap on our table—we need but mention the name of M. Jules Sandeau, familiar to all readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From that periodical the tale before us* is reprinted, and assuredly it is one of the best that M. Jules Sandeau has ever written. His theme, as usual, is the infatuated prejudice of the noblesse. Renée de Penarvan is in dismay at the prospect of her name—one of the oldest in Brittany—becoming extinct, when by mere chance it comes to her knowledge that a cousin of the younger branch is yet alive. But, alas! the degenerate churl—so thinks Renée—is on the point of marrying a miller's daughter. To save the *Maison de Penarvan* from this ignominy, Renée marries him herself. Nor is she content with this. Determined to make a hero of him *malgré lui*, she forces him into a revolt of La Vendée, where he receives a mortal wound. Renée meanwhile gives birth, not, alas! to a son, but to a girl. The hopes of the Penarvan lineage are again blasted. The poor girl is treated with great harshness by her mother. To the original sin of her sex she adds the flagrant enormity of forming an attachment with a young shipowner at Bordeaux. Her mother is indignant, and Paule de Penarvan marries without her consent. Renée, however, in due course becomes a grandmother, and is won round to tenderness and true nobility of nature by an interview with her grandchild, which is exquisitely described by M. Jules Sandeau. There is one character in this volume which is a perfect masterpiece. We allude to an Abbé, a sort of family chaplain of the Penarvans, a good old soul, who believes in the Penarvans as he does in the Gospels, and perhaps rather more—as M. Sandeau tersely expresses it—*Les Penarvan étaient sa marotte*. Nothing can be better than the humour which M. Sandeau displays in the sayings and doings of this ecclesiastical Caleb. He is the historiographer of the family, and spent his whole life in investigating its pedigree. Renée de Penarvan, however, at the close of the volume, desires him to inscribe the following words as a history of herself—"Elle vécut cloîtrée dans la gloire de sa famille, et reconnut, quoique un peu tard, que s'il est beau d'honorer les morts, il est bien doux d'aimer les vivants."

M. Sandeau has left us room for little more than a hasty enumeration of some other books of a similar character. The *Femme de Vingt-cinq Ans*† is a very stupid production—a fact we think it well to mention, as it has been a good deal puffed in French newspapers. On the other hand, M. A. Achard and Emilie Carlen have given us two very readable and amusing volumes of tales in *Les Femmes Honnêtes* and *Les Deux Jeunes Femmes*.‡ The reader will here exclaim, *Encore les Femmes*, and so doing he will have named the title of a book before us by Alphonse Karr,§ full of that kind of waspish pleasantry on the fair sex for which the author is so remarkable. M. Emile Carrey comes before us in a new light. His *Récits de Kabylie*|| are a most entertaining narrative of the French campaign in that country last year. It seems he received permission from General Randon to accompany the expedition. *Après l'Algérie*, we should mention the *Souvenirs d'un Chef de Bureau Arabe*,¶ by F. Hugonnet. As the question of these *bureaux Arabes* gave rise to great discussion on the occasion of the famous Doineau trial, this book, which gives us a very full account of their working, and of *pros* and *cons* which may be advanced on the subject, will probably be read with interest by those who followed the proceedings of the trial above mentioned.

THE NORSEMEN IN ICELAND.**

DR. DASENT'S excellent essay on the Norsemen in Iceland calls our attention to a subject of which we have heard very little for many years. Is there any Icelandic scholar in England besides Dr. Dasent? There may be a few who can read Icelandic; but has there been anything original published in England on the language, the literature, the laws, the mythology of Iceland during the last fifty years? And yet, after Anglo-Saxon, there is no language, no literature, no mythology so full of interest for the elucidation of the earliest history of the race which now inhabits these British Isles as Icelandic. Nay, in one respect, Icelandic beats every other dialect of the great Teutonic family of speech, not excepting Anglo-Saxon and Old High German and Gothic. It is in Icelandic alone that we find complete remains of genuine Teutonic Heathendom. Gothic, as a language, is more ancient than Icelandic; but the only literary work which we possess in Gothic is a translation of the Bible. The Anglo-Saxon literature, with the exception of the *Beowulf*,

* Jules Sandeau (de l'Académie Française): *La Maison de Penarvan*. Paris: Michel Lévy (Bibl. Contemp.) London: Jeffs. 1858.

† Xavier Aubryet: *La Femme de Vingt-cinq Ans*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ Anecdote Achard: *Les Femmes Honnêtes*. Emilie Carlen: *Les Deux Jeunes Femmes*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

§ *Encore les Femmes!* Par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

|| Emile Carrey: *Récits de Kabylie. Campagne de 1857*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

¶ F. Hugonnet: *Souvenirs d'un Chef de Bureau Arabe*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

** *The Norsemen in Iceland*. By Dr. G. W. Dasent. "Oxford Essays," 1858.

is Christian. The old heroes of the *Nibelunge*, such as we find them represented in the Suabian epic, have been converted into church-going knights; whereas, in the ballads of the Elder Edda, Sigurd and Brynhild appear before us in their full pagan grandeur, holding nothing sacred but their love, and defying all laws, human and divine, in the name of that one almighty passion. The Icelandic contains the key to many a riddle in the English language, and to many a mystery in the English character. Though the old Norse is but a dialect of the same language which the Angles and Saxons brought to Britain—though the Norman blood is the same blood that floods and ebbs in every German heart—yet there is an accent of defiance in that rugged Northern speech, and a spring of daring madness in that throbbing Northern heart, which marks the Northman wherever he appears—whether in Iceland or in Sicily, whether on the Seine, or on the Thames. At the beginning of the ninth century, when the great Northern exodus began, Europe, as Dr. Dasent remarks, “was in danger of becoming too comfortable. The two nations destined to run neck-and-neck in the great race of civilization—Frank and Anglo-Saxon—had a tendency to become dull and lazy, and neither could arrive at perfection till it had been chastised by the Norsemen, and finally forced to admit an infusion of Northern blood into its sluggish veins.” The vigour of the various branches of the Teutonic stock may be measured by the proportion of Norman blood which they received; and the national character of England owes more to the descendants of Hrolf Ganger than to the followers of Hengist and Horsa.

But what is known of the early history of the Norsemen? Theirs was the life of reckless freebooters, and they had no time to dream and ponder on the past, which they had left behind in Norway. Where they settled as colonists or as rulers, their own traditions, their very language, were soon forgotten. Their language has nowhere struck root on foreign ground, even where, as in Normandy, they became Earls of Rouen, or, as in these isles, Kings of England. There is but one exception—Iceland. Iceland was discovered, peopled, and civilized by Norsemen in the ninth century; and, in the nineteenth century, the language spoken there is still the dialect of Harold Fairhair, and the stories told there are still the stories of the Edda, or the Venerable Grandmother. Dr. Dasent gives us a rapid sketch of the first landings of the Norwegian refugees on the fells and forths of Iceland. He describes how love of freedom drove the subjects of Harold Fairhair forth from their home—how the Teutonic tribes, though they loved their kings, the sons of Odin, and sovereigns by the grace of God, detested the dictatorship of Harold. “He was a mighty warrior,” so says the ancient Saga, “and laid Norway under him, and put out of the way some of those who held districts, and some of them he drove out of the land; and, besides, many men escaped out of Norway because of the overbearing of Harold Fairhair, for they would not stay to be subject to him.” These early emigrants were pagans, and it was not till the end of the tenth century that Christianity reached the Ultima Thule of Europe. The missionaries, however, who converted the freemen of Iceland were freemen themselves. They did not come with the pomp and the pretensions of the Church of Rome. They preached Christ rather than the Pope—they taught religion rather than theology. Nor were they afraid of the old heathen gods, or angry with every custom that was not of Christian growth. Sometimes this tolerance may have been carried too far, for we read of kings, like Helgi, “mixed in their faith, who trusted in Christ, but at the same time invoked Thor’s aid whenever they went to sea, or got into any difficulty.” But, on the whole, the kindly feeling of the Icelandic priesthood toward the national traditions and customs and prejudices of their converts must have been beneficial. Sons and daughters were not forced to call the gods whom their fathers and mothers had worshipped, devils; and they were allowed to use the name of *Allfadir* whom they had invoked in the prayers of their childhood when praying to Him who is “Our Father in Heaven.”

The Icelandic missionaries had peculiar advantages in their relation to the system of paganism which they came to combat. Nowhere else, perhaps, in the whole history of Christianity, has the missionary been brought face to face with a race of gods who were believed by their own worshippers to be doomed to death. The missionaries had only to proclaim that Balder was dead—that the mighty Odin and Thor were dead. The people knew that these gods were to die, and the message of the One Ever-living God must have touched their ears and their hearts with comfort and joy. Thus, while in Germany the priests were occupied for a long time in destroying every trace of heathenism, in condemning every ancient lay as the work of the devil, in felling sacred trees and abolishing national customs, the missionaries of Iceland were able to take a more charitable view of the past, and they became the keepers of those very poems, and laws, and proverbs, and Runic inscriptions, which on the Continent had to be put down with inquisitorial cruelty. The men to whom the collection of the ancient pagan poetry of Iceland is commonly ascribed were men of Christian learning—the one, the founder of a public school—the other, famous as the author of a history of the North, the *Heimskringla*. It is owing to their labours that we know anything of the ancient religion, the traditions, the maxims, the habits of the Norsemen, and it is from these sources that Dr. Dasent has drawn his stores of information, and composed his vigorous and living sketch of primitive Northern

life. It is but a sketch, but a sketch that will bear addition and completion. Dr. Dasent dwells most fully on the religious system of Iceland, which is the same, at least in its general outline, as that believed in by all the members of the Teutonic family, and may truly be called one of the various dialects of the primitive religious and mythological language of the Aryan race. There is nothing more interesting than religion in the whole history of man. By its side, poetry and art, science and law, sink into comparative insignificance. Dr. Dasent, however, has not confined his Essay to the religious life of Iceland. He has added some minute descriptions of the domestic habits, the dress, the armour, the diet, the laws and the customs of the race, and he has proved himself well at home in the Icelandic homestead. One thing only we miss—an account of their epic poetry; and this, we believe, would on several points have furnished a truer picture of the very early and purely pagan life of the Norsemen than the extracts from their histories and law books, which are more or less, if not under the influence of Christianity, at least touched by the spirit of a more advanced civilization. The old poems, in their alliterating metre, were proof against later modifications. We probably possess what we do possess of them in its original form. As they were composed in Norway in the sixth century after Christ, they were carried to Iceland in the ninth, and written down in the eleventh century. But the prose portions of the Old Edda, and still more of the Young Edda, may be of later origin. They betray in many instances the hand of a Christian writer. And the same applies to the later Sagas and law books. Here much is still to be done by the critic, and we look forward with great interest to a fuller inquiry into the age of the various parts of Icelandic literature, the history of the MSS., the genuineness of their titles, and similar questions. Such subjects are hardly fit for popular treatment, and we do not blame Dr. Dasent for having passed them over in his Essay. But the translator of the Younger Edda ought to tell us hereafter what is the history of this, and of the older collection of Icelandic poetry. How do we know that *Semund* (1056–1133) collected the old, *Snorrio Sturlason* (1178–1241) the Young Edda? How do we know that the MSS. which we now possess have a right to the title of Edda? All this rests, as far as we know, on the authority of Bishop Brynjulf Swendsen, who discovered the *Codex regius* in 1643, and wrote on the copy of it, with his own hand, the title of *Edda Semundar hins froda*. None of the MSS. of the second, or prose Edda, bear that title in any well-authenticated form—still less is it known whether Snorrio composed either part or the whole of it. All these questions ought to be answered, as far as they can be answered, before we can hope to see the life of the ancient Norsemen drawn with truthfulness and accuracy. The greater part of the poems, however, bear an expression of genuineness which cannot be challenged; and a comparison of the mythology of the Edda with that of the Teutonic tribes, and again, in a more general manner, with that of the other Indo-Germanic races, is best calculated to convince the sceptic that the names and the legends of the Eddic gods are not of late invention. There are passages in the Edda which sound like verses from the Veda. Dr. Dasent quotes the following lines from the Elder Edda:—

’Twas the morning of time,
When yet naught was,
Nor sand nor sea were there,
Nor cooling streams;
Earth was not formed,
Nor heaven above;
A yawning gap there was,
And grass nowhere.

A hymn of the Veda begins in a very similar way:—

Nor Aught nor Naught existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven’s broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water’s fathomless abyss? &c.

There are several mythological expressions common to the Edda and Homer. In the Edda, man is said to have been created out of an ash-tree. In Hesiod, Zeus creates the third race of men out of ash-trees; and that this tradition was not unknown to Homer, we learn from Penelope’s address to Ulysses:—“Tell me thy family, from whence thou art; for thou art not from the olden tree, or from the rock.” There are, however, other passages in the Edda, particularly in the Prose Edda, which ought to be carefully examined before they are admitted as evidence on the primitive paganism of the Norsemen. The Prose Edda was written by a man who mixed classical learning and Christian ideas with Northern traditions. This is clearly seen in the preface. But traces of the same influence may be discovered in other parts, as, for instance, in the Dialogue called *Gylfi’s Mocking*. The ideas which it contains are meant to be pagan, but are they really pagan in their origin? Dr. Dasent gives the following extract:—

Who is first and eldest of all Gods? He is called Allfadir (the Father of All, the Great Father) in our tongue. He lives from all ages, and rules over his realm, and sways all things, great and small. He made heaven and earth, and the sky, and all that belongs to them; and he made man, and gave him a soul that shall live and never perish, though the body rot to mould or burn to ashes. All men that are right-minded shall live and be with him in the place called Vingolf; but wicked ones fare to Hell, and thence into Niflhel—that is, beneath in the ninth world.

We ask Dr. Dasent, Is this pure, genuine, unsophisticated paganism? Is it language that Sigurd and Brynhild would have understood? Is that Allfadir really nothing more than Odin, who himself

must perish, and whom at the day of doom the wolf, the Fenris-wolf, was to swallow at one gulp? We can only ask the question here, but we doubt not that in his next work on the antiquities of the Northern races, Dr. Dasent will give us a full and satisfactory answer, and satisfy the curiosity which he has raised by his valuable contribution to the Oxford Essays.

INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.*

IF books on education could make people well-educated, we should have reason to be satisfied with our prospects. The whole process of the formation of the mind is watched, recorded, and mapped out with almost the same fulness and accuracy of detail that are attained in the description of the formation of the body. But unfortunately the formation of the mind is not quite so regular, so natural, or so unconscious a development. We have to ask not only how minds are formed, but how they ought to be formed; and it is a question which a great number of persons, and especially ladies, delight to answer. Their works are, however, generally tainted with a fault which is hinted at in the phrase, "bachelors' wives, and old-maids' children." It is assumed that a perfect teacher is to have the moulding of a perfect pupil. Miss Shirreff's book is perhaps a little faulty in this way, but she keeps clear of many of the errors into which her predecessors have fallen. She avowedly writes only for girls who have some intellectual gifts, and does not suppose that her system will be universally applicable. No young woman could read through her volume without great benefit, and no governess could study it without gaining many most useful hints; but from a person who has thought so much on education as Miss Shirreff, we may ask not only that her book should be suggestive, but that the system it unfolds and advocates should be good, reasonable, and possible in itself. Her system, as a system is, we think, perfectly preposterous. It carries the rage for over-education to a point which we could not have believed possible. And the very sense which on many collateral points Miss Shirreff displays, the resoluteness with which she expresses her views, and the great amount of knowledge which she brings to bear, only make her scheme itself the more prominent, and its fallacies the more remarkable. The question of over-education is now put into an intelligible shape, and brought to a definite issue. Here we have what a sensible, thoughtful, well-cultivated lady thinks all girls of fair abilities ought to learn, and can be made to learn, before they are eighteen. We venture to think that what is proposed would be wholly undesirable, if it were not wholly impossible.

We will pass rapidly over the preliminary stages of female education of which Miss Shirreff treats. She is entirely against early training, and says that "nothing is so absurd to her as to see a baby of four or five years old gravely set down to a lesson." She would have nothing taught until the child was seven years old. When and how much little children ought to learn is a point often debated, and the advocates of what is called healthy idleness point with exultation to the horrible examples of infant prodigies. But the dispute is rather theoretical than practical, because the disputants, if they have children to manage, almost always come to the same practical conclusion, and find that children must be made to learn a little long before they are seven years old, but that very little is enough. After a girl is seven, Miss Shirreff wishes her to be taught for half an hour a day, and thinks that an increase of half an hour might be exacted every year till the child is twelve years old. By the time she is twelve she may be expected to read and spell English, to write neatly, to know well the outline of Bible history, and partly the outline of secular history. A slight acquaintance with arithmetic and geography, a proficiency in plain needlework, and a knowledge of the rudiments of music, will be all she need have besides. From twelve her serious, systematic education begins, and the six years that follow are divided by Miss Shirreff into three periods of two years. We wish we could go fully into the educational system recommended for the first two of these; but the teaching of those periods is intended to culminate in the teaching of the last, and may be judged of by its ultimate result. One general characteristic of the education of the first period is, that it is directed to languages and mathematics, and the general characteristic of the second is that it is directed towards physical science. We will pass to the education of the third period, and will state with some degree of fulness the course of study prescribed for young ladies between sixteen and eighteen by the latest advocate of over-education.

The average young lady, being caught at sixteen, is to be cooked as follows:—She is to have six hours a-day of real work, music not included. She is to get up at six in the morning (bless her), and her day is all laid out for her till six in the evening. She is to have half an hour for dressing, and one half hour for breakfast, and another for luncheon. This will leave four hours and a half for exercise and accomplishments. If any style of hair-dressing becomes fashionable which takes rather long to carry out, she is to practise it in the evening until she is so expert as to get her *coiffure* into the half-hour's morning dressing. So minutely is everything arranged in the best of all possible educa-

tional worlds. She is not to study more than four hours at once, and these points being arranged, we come to her studies. Science and mathematics are now to be put in the background, and composition, literature, history, and even severer studies are to be brought forward. In the first place, she is to gain a sincere love of truth and a habit of assiduously searching for it. She is to realize "the folly of attributing moral merit or demerit to opinions." She is to comprehend the nature and value of evidence, and the care necessary in drawing inferences, and to gain a power of "fairly estimating the value of probability." For these purposes she is to get up Bailey's *On the Formation and Publication of Opinions*, and Sir James Mackintosh's *Essay on Ethical Philosophy*; and that she may appreciate the niceties of language and the sequence of reasoning, she is to take first a book called *Early Lessons in Reasoning*, and then Archbishop Whately's *Logic and Rhetoric*, to be followed by Sir John Herschel's *Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy*; and that she may connect philosophy with religion, she is to close her course in this line with Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ* and Butler's *Analogy*.

She is only to allow an hour a day, five days a week, to physical science—so she is advised to confine herself to Herschel's *Astronomy* or Whewell's *Bridgewater Treatise*, or some work of similar calibre. Her principal attention is to be given to history. But she is to view history in connexion with studies and sciences immediately bearing on it, and more especially with political economy, where she is "to go boldly to the fountain head," and read Adam Smith through. We now come to history proper. She is to start with Greece, and read Dr. Smith's *Compendium* as a text-book. As a pendant, she is to go through the principal lives in Plutarch, the last four books of Herodotus, two books of Thucydides, and four books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*. She must, "at least," read in Plato the *Apology*, the *Crito*, and the *Phædo*. When the history mentions the dramatists, she is to stop and read two or three of the great masterpieces of each. For Greek, translations are to be used; but when she gets to Roman history, she is to read the early legends in Livy in the original, and if possible, an oration or two of Cicero, and a little Tacitus. In modern history, she is to begin seriously with the sixteenth century, merely having flirted a little with the introduction to Robertson's *Charles V.*, or a portion of Sismondi for the middle ages. In studying the history of the sixteenth century, she is to notice the connexion between the spread of physical science and the growth of freedom. But apparently she is not to learn this from any book, but to gather it from the valuable remarks of the model governess who is to teach her. She is to take Hume's *England* as her text book, and thence diverge into various paths. For the history of Protestantism she may content herself with Ranke's *History of the Popes*, Lacratelle's *Guerres de Religion*, and Blunt's *History of the Reformation*. Keeping in view the history of other nations, she may add Madame de Motteville's *Memoirs*, portions of Hallam and Clarendon, Forster's *Lives*, and Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*. When Hume is finished, Macaulay is to follow. Later on, the student is to go through Voltaire's *Louis XIV.*, Madame de Sevigné's *Letters*, and some of Bossuet's *Orations*. *Lives of Washington and Franklin*, and Burke's *Speeches on the American War*, and his *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol*, together with Gleig's *India* and Macaulay's *Essays on Clive and Hastings*, will do for the history of the last century; and for France she is to go through part of Lacratelle, through De Barante's *Tableau de la Littérature*, and through all Thiers' *History*, Southey's *Nelson*, and Segur's *Russian Campaign*. Parts of Botta's *History of Italy*, Mrs. Austin's *Germany*, and Niebuhr's *Letters* are to suffice for the history of more recent events.

"It is possible," says the authoress, "that the entire course indicated above may be found too long." This is the only concession Miss Shirreff has to make. It strikes her as just possible that all this is a good deal to require of a girl in two years. There never was anything so outrageous proposed in the way of over-education as this mass of heavy books. It is about five or six times as much as is required for the highest honours in a University from boys four or five years older. It goes far beyond the reading of most educated men of thirty. The picture of a good girl of seventeen, who believes it her duty to attempt the task, turning out at six, and dressing her hair in a hurry—then doing her *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, her Adam Smith, her Whately's *Logic*, her Bossuet, Hallam, Macaulay, her *Memoirs and Lives*, her Burke's *Speeches*, that she may study "a masterpiece of political wisdom"—and looking at the bearings of everything, judging dispassionately, and "feeling unavoidably sceptical" as she reads—is one of the most curious ideals that an educationist ever drew. Mr. Buckle, when he lectured on the danger of impairing the real powers of the female mind by over-cramming, could scarcely have anticipated that a lady of undoubted ability and reflection would so soon afterwards fling so decided an opposition in his face. At any rate, we are saved henceforth the trouble of vague and unmeaning disputes about a word that may be variously interpreted. Miss Shirreff has given us a starting-point from which we may talk on the subject of over-education. If to follow her system would not be a fatal error, then those who think that women should be taught a little, and taught it well, must own themselves mistaken.

* *Intellectual Education, and its Influence on the Character and Happiness of Women.* By Emily Shirreff. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1858.

CONFESSIONS OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST.*

IN that brilliant essay on the Papacy which has almost procured for Lord Macaulay a living canonization, he suggests, and promises at some future period to solve, the problem, Why converts from Romanism, who, three hundred years back, generally remained within the limits of Christianity, in these days never stop short of unbelief. He has never redeemed his pledge—probably because he found the difficulty insoluble. The very fact that the phenomenon is so inexplicable lends a peculiar interest to the autobiographies of those who, like the author before us, have themselves undergone the process, and who write to expose the corruptions which caused it. The tale he gives is authenticated by no name, either of editor or author; but its denunciations are so hearty, and its tone of appeal so earnest, that we may assume that Mr. Chapman would not have allowed his name to appear upon it if it were utterly and entirely untrue. It is a dreary, mournful tale of a patriot's enthusiasm and an exile's broken hopes—of a life made wretched by the galling chain which the vow of celibacy rivets round the necks of the Roman clergy, and terminated at last by the sufferer's own despair. The editor adds a moralizing chapter, in which he seeks to throw upon the compulsory celibacy the blame of all the author's sufferings; and he seems to have published his friend's history as a controversial assault upon the Church of Rome, not from the trenches of the regular Exeter Hall besiegers, but from the tents of the marauding freethinkers. We certainly do not underrate the folly or the danger of allowing mere boys to bind themselves by irrevocable vows; but, after all due and proper denunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome, we think his readers will come to the conclusion that for most of his pitiful story the Catholic Priest has to thank no one but himself.

He was a scion of a noble Hungarian family, and was early destined for the Church—not from any vocation on his part for that career, but simply in furtherance of the aristocratic policy of pruning the branches that the stem may thrive. Shortly before the time of his ordination he fell desperately in love:—"Passions of whose existence I had not yet dreamed filled and fired my bosom. I felt my blood boil, my head in flames, my ardent heart expanded with half-mad aspirations of the words—happiness, life, family, marriage." It cannot therefore be said that he rushed into the priesthood blindfold. On the contrary, he and his lady-love, after giving rein for a short space to their delirious affection, calmly agreed that they should be very poor if they married, and that therefore it was better on the whole that he should become a priest, and that she should remain single. As soon, however, as he had performed his side of the bargain, she thought better of hers, and married an Austrian General. But this was not the only warning he received of his unsuitability for a priest's life. The archbishop who ordained him saw through his motives, solemnly admonished him to pause, and even offered to reconcile his family to a change in his career. If he chose, in spite of all these warnings, to persist in his design, he can scarcely claim any pity for the result.

His next step was not more remarkable for wisdom. The commotions of 1848 were impending—the Emperor and his Hungarian subjects were soon to be in open conflict. The public opinion of Christendom has always discountenanced the interference of the clergy in political disputes. They are as much out of place in aiding a revolt as in heading a national war. Either may, under certain conceivable circumstances, be highly commendable, but they are not fitting work for men who have openly devoted themselves to the task of bridling and softening human passion. But our author, though not as yet a disbeliever, had deliberately undertaken his office with the intention of treating it as a sham. He became a favourite confessor; and he acknowledges that he only refrained from making a sinister use of the opportunities of the confessional, because "he loved Mathilde too purely to profane his attachment by easy intrigues"—an expression from which we may gather that, if the intrigues had had the charm of difficulty, he would not have been so constant or so cruel. His next avowal is equally honest:—

I wrote all this while constantly to Mathilde, telling her that if I observed my vows it was thanks to her; for it was my love and the fidelity I had sworn to her that prevented my following up the favourable opportunities daily within my reach, and by no means the thought of my duties as a priest. I had not taken the priesthood seriously, except as a barrier that divided me from Mathilde, and at the same time as a proof of my entire devotion to her.

This being the spirit in which he had taken his irrevocable vows, it was not likely that he would refrain, out of any consideration for the duties of his office, from plunging madly into the tumult of the political disturbances which followed. He attached himself to the Hungarian army, and charged, cross in hand, at the head of the columns. It is needless to recapitulate the well-known events of the campaign, which our author describes with all the spirit and vivacity of an eye-witness. The fortune of war was against the Hungarians. They were crushed by an overwhelming force, and their leaders were compelled to choose between exile and death. Our Catholic priest fled to France, and ultimately took up his residence in Paris. He took plenty of money with him, and, as long as it lasted, he forgot both his priesthood and his misfortunes in a Parisian life of pleasure.

The recollection of this untrammelled happiness gives him occasion to pity the prejudices of the English:—

I conceive that an English family, ignorant of the language, shut up in an hotel, between old acquaintances and servants, with no amusement but to visit the lions with a guide, or the respectable theatres, may find Paris dull, and gladly return to their solemn halls. But for a young and independent man as unprejudiced as I was, and leading what is called at Paris, *la vie de Bohème*, nothing can be so delightful.

But the money was spent at last, and in order to avert utter destitution he had nothing for it but to return to his profession. The *vie de Bohème*, as he himself says, had not made him a better Catholic—on the contrary he found that he utterly disbelieved the doctrines he professed. But want left him no alternative. The account which he gives of his fellow-priests, while he officiated among them, is worthy of note. No doubt his mind, never very calm, was maddened by the falseness and desperation of his position. On the other hand he had peculiar opportunities of observation; and the fact that these Confessions are a posthumous production precludes the supposition of wilful deceit:—

I have lived in camps, at the mines, I have traversed many countries, I have heard soldiers exhalting their fury on the field of battle, or their anguish in hospitals by blasphemies; I have seen the miners of the antipodes, a race certainly unaccustomed to elegant language; I have known sceptics and atheists of every clime and rank,—that is to say, that I was not brought up in cotton in a convent of nuns, like Vert-vert. I have been a soldier, and I am a man of the world, I am therefore not unnecessarily prudish; but never in my life, in the camp or the mines, have I listened to such blasphemies and indecent words as I have heard from priests behind the very altar, just after saying mass. I was shocked; they thought me one of their gang, and did not conceal themselves from me. To live I was obliged to stay and hear them, unable to throw off my priestly robe, and reproach them loudly with their infamy. I saw them naked, hideous in their hypocrisy, displaying all their vices, of which they dared to boast but two steps from the altar they profaned, and I knew that some among them had the reputation of saints. I was so much humbled at being counted among these men, that it is not too much to say that my character changed to such a degree, that I never recovered the pure and lofty spring of enthusiasm which had guided me, till fatal want forced me to enter this sacrilegious.

In the capital assemble those who have embraced the priesthood as a career, without faith or vocation, thinking to rise in the world by their talent or some protection. Then, as they are many, and the prizes of the church but few, nearly all are disappointed, and forced to renounce their hopes; in the middle of life they remain without faith or tie, marked, however, by the indelibility of the priesthood. To console themselves, they plunge into a corruption the more fatal, because they are obliged to conceal it under a veil of hypocrisy, lest they should be suspended by the bishop, who is always delighted to dispose of their wretched curacies; and, cast upon the world without provision, yet still priests—in want of bread, but corrupted by long idleness, they seek to repair the injustice of fate by *bon-doir* intrigues.

After a time, however, remittances came, and he was enabled definitively to abandon his profession. Then, having nothing else to do, he fell in love. The young lady was an heiress, and an *esprit fort*, and was rather pleased than otherwise with the idea of an unfrocked priest for a husband; and her family were equally liberal. They were exiles themselves in consequence of the second of December; and the affection and constancy with which they befriended our "Catholic priest" were so admirable that it is impossible not to regret that it has been necessary to withhold their names. But his own mother, pious and aristocratic, whom he had left in Hungary, found no words strong enough to express her horror at the sacrilege of a priest's marriage, especially with a plebeian bride. For some inexplicable reason, the priest, who was not generally squeamish about authority of any kind, looked on his mother's opposition as an insuperable bar; and in order to frighten her into yielding, he accepted a mercantile agency, took ship, and in spite of all the entreaties of his friends, sailed to Australia. When he arrived there his merchandize was spoiled by the sea, and his money was spent; and the poor hope-wrecked priest and noble had no resource left but to follow the rest of the world to the diggings. Strange to say, unlike the mass of educated diggers, he made money. He brought it back with him to Melbourne, and was dreaming that it might take him back to the friends and the bride he had so insanely left behind, when, one night, a bushranger relieved him of the burden, and lodged a bullet in his arm into the bargain. The arm had to be amputated; and the loss of blood brought on the threatening of a decline. With the greatest difficulty, by the unexpected benevolence of a stranger, he contrived to find his way back to Paris. The family of his intended bride received him with as much affection as heretofore; but misfortune had made him sensitive, and he fancied that his betrothed was cold. By way of reviving her affection, he positively declined to go and see her, chewed the cud of his fancied injuries in secret for a considerable time, and then broke off the engagement. One more self-inflicted blow was needed to crown his woes. Having failed, by sheer morbid caprice, to contract a marriage which seemed to offer every promise of happiness, he resolved on trying what he delicately calls "a less holy, less permanent attachment." In other words, he proceeded to make love to a married woman. The taste for Hungarian priests is not universal in France; but the lady was a flirt, and the season at Hyères, where they were staying, was just then dull. So, *faute de mieux*, she encouraged his advances, and his "confessions" began to teem with enthusiastic hopes. Unhappily, in the nick of time, a French count, her favourite lover, returned, and the Hungarian was contemptuously *congé'd*. Under these circumstances, there was but one course open to his wounded honour:—

Without hope of triumph or revenge, I have only to disentangle myself from the situation without ridicule. If I submit—if I do nothing, when she

* *Confessions of a Catholic Priest*. London: John Chapman, 1858.

has so openly derided me, when she laughs at me with her lover—I shall become ridiculous; for my love is no secret, and I sought revenge publicly. Only one course remains for me—to die.

And so he poisoned himself—coolly and deliberately recording his impressions in his journal up to the last moment of his existence.

The work is closed by a pathetic appeal from the editor not "to brand the priest." It is hard enough, we own, to believe in his existence. If Eugene Sue had invented him, we should have scouted the fiction as monstrous. When a man has arrived at mature age, has wandered all over the world, has been in love several times, and has led *la vie de Bohème*, he does not poison himself because he is jilted by an adulteress. But when we have believed his story, we have exhausted our stock of complaisance. We may pity martyrs to bigotry, but it is difficult to pump up enthusiasm for a freethinker whose religion has been sapped, not by doubt, but by dissipation. We can feel no sympathy for the misfortunes even of an exile, when they have been incurred by a perverse folly which would be incredible in a romance; nor can we admire a patriotic virtue which is accompanied by a regard for no known code of morality. Mr. Chapman will have done no good service to the cause he doubtless has at heart, if the readers of his book form from it their estimate of the general character of the refugees whom foreign oppression drives in shoals to our shores. Without attempting to draw any inference from the fact, we will conclude by merely observing that this is not the first case of an "unfrocked priest" that has come before the public eye in England, and that it by no means departs from the type established by its predecessors.

HANDBOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

IT is difficult for modern travellers to understand that there was once a world without Murray. The constant stream of Englishmen through France and Italy passed easily along the grand routes in old time. Postillions indicated the line of journey, correspondents received the traveller at their houses, or directed him to inns, and he lived long enough on the road, and far enough from his fellow-countrymen, to become something of a citizen of the world. Naturally enough, a man whose business was with men rather than institutions and landscapes, did not care to publish a Handbook of the friends he had known abroad. Besides, descriptions of scenery would have had little interest for the public of Molière and Pope. Our books of Continental travel in the seventeenth century are therefore commonly either autobiographic or political. They come from a man like Lord Herbert of Chesham, whose egotism had become a serious conviction, and who felt that nothing in his own life was insignificant; or they are the fruit of diplomatic observation from a shrewd observer like Sir William Temple. Nevertheless, other matters were not always forgotten; there lived brave men before Agamemnon was born; and a sort of *Encyclopædia of Travel* was published in France before the end of the seventeenth century. Its compiler, the Sieur Claude Jordan, was more fortunate than Solomon de Caus; and France, if it shut up the predecessor of Watt as a madman, may claim the glory of having anticipated Mr. Murray's labours. A royal patent of eight years protected the rights of the author to the exclusive profits of his discovery.

It would of course be impossible to analyse the seven volumes in which M. Jordan has described France, the Low Countries, Spain, Italy, England, Germany, and Russia. We propose, therefore, to confine ourselves especially to what he says of England. Comparison with other sources of information will here be easy, as we all know, thanks to Lord Macaulay, what the state of the country was about the time of William III. Besides, M. Jordan here gives us the results of his own observation, "as I have seen almost all that I state in my narrative." Travellers notoriously see strange things, and M. Jordan is quite right in adding, that "the persons best acquainted with the affairs of Europe will still find matters deserving of their curiosity."

The English of 1694 were, it seems, a fine race of men, well-proportioned, and above the common stature—an advantage which they owed to their position in the West, as the course of greatness was even then supposed to tend westward. Their manners were a little rude towards strangers, and "the common people would often insult them if the nobility and magistrates did not protect them against these rustics." Envy and the love of detraction were other national vices; but, above all, the nation was eminently inconstant, and to this cause its frequent revolutions were attributable. English ladies, though they wanted the vivacity of the French, were sufficiently well-looking. But two serious charges are brought against them, and apparently with justice, for there was not even an attempt at concealment, except among those who affected French manners. "The first is, that they will walk out, and afterwards go to the tavern, with men of whom they scarcely know anything, and take *tête-à-tête* collations there, where, however, they maintain that nothing passes except what is strictly proper. In the second place, they are accused of smoking tobacco." The first charge is of course unanswerable; but the second really seems to admit of some palliation. For so great was the unhappy love for tobacco in England at this

time, that "the little children imitate their father and mother in the vice of smoking, and are trained to do it from their childhood. When they are sent to school in the morning, they are supplied with pipes and tobacco; and after they have studied some time, the master tells them to take their pipe, and shows them how to hold it and smoke gracefully." This article in the *Magna Charta* of schools has, we fear, become obsolete through the strange remissness of some bygone generation, which sacrificed its privileges. On the other hand, we think that Rugby has probably preserved the tradition of "Boterdel"—a drink composed of sugar, cinnamon, and butter, beaten up in beer made without hops. In a boiling state it was the favourite and only supper of the contemporaries of Marlborough and St. John.

It is unfortunate that the account of Scotch and Irish habits is not equally full. The old custom of making wolves and dogs sponsors to young children had, it appears, now died out in Ireland, or was only practised in the mountainous districts. The natives were in general revengeful, blasphemers, fond of stealing, and very idle; but they made good soldiers, if they served out of their own country. The marriage bond appeared to be worn lightly; there were no contracts to bind husband and wife, and either quitted the other at pleasure and sought company elsewhere. The description of Scotland and the Scotch is more flattering. Probably M. Jordan was indebted to Jacobite sources for much of the information that he received. Their excellent qualities of valour, sobriety, and generosity were merely qualified by pride and passion, and even here it must be said that only the first burst of anger was dangerous.

The marvels of the natural world were more than commonly numerous in the British Isles. There was a rock at Tenterden which increased in proportion as it was cut away, and a fountain at Finchampstead that once sent up boiling blood for the space of fifteen days. Tritons had been more than once taken in the English rivers. Wolves were now extinct in England, but were so numerous in Scotland that they were only prevented from crossing the Tweed by a military cordon. Scotland could also boast of its wild bulls, so untamable that they would not even eat the grass upon which a man had trod. These disadvantages were no doubt some offset against the great mineral wealth of that country, which was rich in iron, lead, gold, silver, and lapis lazuli; while diamonds, pearls, and amber were occasional waifs. Barnacles, which, as all the world knows, are generated from the resinous exudations of pine-trees, seem to have been the most remarkable product of Ireland, where they were so common that they served as an extra dish for the clergy on meagre days. Canon-law good-naturedly overlooked the fact that they had a beak and could swim, in consideration that they were not born of flesh. Ireland would appear not to have needed mines, for near Armagh there was a lake of such rare quality that a stake driven down into its mud was changed to iron after a few months, while the part above, up to the water's edge, became stone.

It is melancholy to think how much time has shorn from the glories of our natural world. In matters of law and politics there seems, curiously enough, to have been less change; and the chief points of our Constitution and the history of the Revolution are given fully and well. Two or three matters of difference, however, deserve attention. The power of the Lord Mayor was so great that, in case of the King's death and his successor's absence from the country, the Mayor of London took "the first place in the ministry to the prejudice of the peers and the chief officers of the Crown." But London seems in other instances to have conferred exceptional privileges upon its ruler. For the Bishop of London had the right to dispose of the property of all who died intestate in his diocese—not, indeed, with the power to appropriate any part to his own use, but at liberty either to give such proportion as he chose to the kindred of the deceased, or to devote the whole to the purposes of religion.

To say that names appear in very singular disguise is of course only to say that the author is French. From the Norman Conquest downwards our consonants have been unpronounceable and untranscribable across the Channel. But the frequent translations which M. Jordan inserts of official documents induce us to believe that he had really some acquaintance with the language. It so happens that in some of his most remarkable assertions he appears, from the context, to speak from personal knowledge. He was shown at the Tower a musket that belonged to William the Conqueror, and which a man of these degenerate days could scarcely lift. Shakespeare's artillery before Angiers is nothing to this. On another occasion the inquisitive Catholic was present at a meeting of the sect of "Multipliers." We cannot give at length the details of an orgie which appears parodied from the history of John of Leyden, or the calumnies against the early Christians. He admits, however, that the sect had only a few partisans; and the meeting he himself attended was in Holland. Brutal superstition may of course be found in every country and at every time, as the contemporaries of Brigham Young have some reason to know. These stories, therefore, are not of themselves conclusive evidence as to the qualifications and credibility of the narrator. He may have mistaken the words of his guide in the first instance; and it is just possible that the second story may be founded upon fact.

Nevertheless, when all justice has been done to the solid information that the book contains, it is impossible not to be struck by the great change for the better that our modern hand-

* *Voyages Historiques de l'Europe, contenant l'Origine, la Religion, les Mœurs, les Coutumes, et les Forces de tous les Peuples qui l'habitent, et une Relation exacte de tout ce que chaque Pais renferme de plus digne de la Curiosité d'un Voyageur.* Paris: 1692-1698.

books indicate. Clearly the taste for the marvellous was the strongest motive with travellers and the readers of travels in the seventeenth century. This is more distinctly shown in an account of England, because the French were notoriously unacquainted with it during the reign of Louis XIV. We were savages, without literature, but formidable by sea, who murdered our monarchs, and did not believe in the Church. That these prejudices did not prevent M. Jordan from understanding our liberties and our history in the main, reflects high credit upon his good faith and intelligence. He fails only where critical common sense and a scientific instinct are required. Nature evidently appears to him to delight in eccentric efforts, and only to deserve study in these variations. He does not describe scenery—the taste for it had still to be created by Rousseau and Wordsworth. He sometimes directs his readers to works of art; but they are chiefly buildings, and the decorations are what he chiefly admires. Living before the era of the economists, he believes that cheapness of provisions is a sign of wealth. He reasons occasionally, but the deductive and inductive methods commonly lead him to agree with tradition and common report—he argues at length for the miracle of the Holy House of Loreto—and even where he doubts, for some of the Irish stories were too much for him, his scepticism never becomes reconstructive. In 1698 he is writing about Russia, and knows nothing of the travels of Peter the Great. Clearly, communication between the countries of Europe was then slow, and the Czar's labours were not such as command attention. On the other hand, the habit of respect for privileged orders and all in authority is evidently deep-seated in the author's mind. Often where a sweeping censure has been pronounced, he pauses to tell us that his words must not be taken to apply to nobles and gentlemen. Even in Ireland, they are not subject to the vices of the commonalty, "but, on the contrary, practise all the virtues which do honour to people of credit." It is clear that the freest speculation never quite transcends the horizon of Versailles; and it is a matter of some interest to see what England appeared through such a medium.

QUAKERS.*

THIS is certainly the most novel-loving age that has as yet appeared in the world. We had supposed that long ago every subject had found its novel, but Mrs. Ellis has succeeded in giving us a new experience on the subject. A Quaker novel is a sort of portent. We should have supposed that a Quaker prizefight would hardly have been a greater anomaly. Such, however, is apparently the nature of *Friends by their own Fireside*. Whether the authoress is still technically a Quaker we do not know; but she certainly writes under the strongest bias in favour of their principles and some of their practices, though she appears in the most friendly and sympathetic manner to be aware of the fact that there is a weak as well as a strong side to them. The book is in itself of very slight importance, and it neither has nor claims any particular literary merit. It is a very thin and ill-connected story about one Jacob Lair and his family. He has a son who rebels against the strict principles of the sect, in which almost all the good characters of the book sympathize with him. The youth gets, however, into bad company, takes to drinking, and dies in a pathetic manner, being first made the subject of a death-bed conversion. Of his two sisters, one is a most devoted Quakeress, embodying all the peculiarities of the denomination. She is a very charming young lady, but has the misfortune to fall in love with the villain of the book, an accomplished hypocrite, who takes to swindling and has to run away from the police. The other sister, who is pretty, lively, and has a somewhat worldly tendency, undergoes a degree of courting which is not very common in worldly families. A rigid but amiable Friend makes love to her, not unsuccessfully, in a one-horse chaise. They quarrel, and she falls in love, without being asked, with an interesting foreigner, who breaks his arm in the road near her aunt's house, and is kept there during his cure. The first lover then comes back, and they make matters up; but in the interval she has a highly spiritual flirtation with a clerk of her father's, who mixes up in the oddest way an intense yet liberal Quakerism with an admiration for that most dismal of all gospels the sentimental parts of Lord Byron. If it is a fair picture of Friends at their own fireside to represent a young lady as having three lovers at once, for each of whom she finds abundant occupation and no little sympathy, we can only say that the young Quakers of the last generation were at once ungrateful and blind to their privileges, if, as Mrs. Ellis tells us, their favourite subject of conversation was the strictness of the Society's rules. We might, perhaps, have been inclined to guess *a priori* that a body which laid so much stress on the necessity of repressing every kind of outward manifestation of feeling would naturally intensify the feelings which it tried to combat; and Mrs. Ellis's book supplies very curious, because it is obviously unconscious, evidence not only of the truth of this conjecture, but of the great extent to which it must be applied before its truth can be at all appreciated.

The book sets out with a sort of mild protest against the obvious follies of Quakerism; but as it goes on, the authoress

gradually relents, and seems at last to preach the doctrine that peculiarities of dress and language ought to be patiently endured by the members of the Society, in consideration of the value of the principles which it embodies. Upon this we need not dwell. The subject is sufficiently well-known to every one who feels any curiosity about it. The real peculiarity of Mrs. Ellis's book is to be found, not in what it teaches specifically, but in its general tone. Every character introduced, with one or two exceptions, is remarkable principally for a certain energy and vivacity which take very different forms, but which are always to be found in one shape or another. It would seem as if the constant habit of minute self-command, the separation from the rest of the world, and the extreme importance which is attached to the punctual discharge of common duties and occupations, had a specific tendency to develop whatever capacity for energetic action or feeling the character may possess. Many sufficiently notorious facts exist which supply strong evidence that this view is correct, and that the Quakers are, in point of fact, distinguished by the possession of the very qualities in which most people would probably at first sight expect them to be deficient. A sect of which the cardinal doctrine is, that the Inner Light is the only infallible guide for human action—which looks upon every outward and visible institution as carnal and unprofitable—which considers war as distinctly unlawful, and has so strong a dislike to the employment of physical force in any form, that its members shrink from putting the law in motion, either in civil or criminal affairs—might well be expected to consist of a set of gentle enthusiasts retiring from the real business of life, and given up to a sort of semi-monastic dreams and ecstasies. When, however, we look at the facts, we find that the very reverse is the truth. The Quakers, as a body, are almost as rich as the Jews. They are almost always employed in commercial affairs, and generally speaking with signal success. They are the keenest and most successful of bankers and brewers. Indeed, they succeed as men of business much as the Puritans succeeded as soldiers. A carnal bill-discounter has no more chance against a Friend in the same way of business than Prince Rupert's dragoons had against Cromwell's Ironsides. In ordinary cases, no doubt, this apparent contradiction may be to a great extent accounted for by the obvious consideration that the mere fact of forming part of a small and very exclusive society is an advantage in commercial matters. It is like being a member of a close corporation. It is also plain enough that the great mass of mankind never imbibe very deeply the principles of the creed which they profess, and that, if the conventional rules which it brings to bear upon them repress their energies in every direction but one, they will in that one direction break out with redoubled force.

These considerations, however, do not explain the fact, that the general tendency of a whole religious community is what we have described. A large proportion of Quakers must be deeply impressed with the fundamental principles of the body; and we cannot doubt that in all religious communities the sincere believers give the key-note upon which the tone of the body, considered as a whole, ultimately depends. It would seem to follow that there must be a real connexion between the energy—and especially the social and commercial energy—which, in point of fact, characterizes the Quakers and their leading doctrines; and, upon consideration, we think it will appear that this is the fact. It is the natural consequence of every system of religious belief which divides life sharply into two halves, the spiritual and the secular, to incline those who adopt it to introduce a methodical strictness into the inferior sphere. It is at once a point of honour and a point of duty to a person who lives in a world of his own, to observe the usages of the world of which he is a member in common with other men with a certain exactness. Though he may look with some contempt upon the common life of all men, he will recognise the fact that he has certain duties in relation to it, and will make a great point of discharging them. Industry and honesty, being recognised and practised as duties, lead to wealth; and by degrees the inner light to which at first these virtues were merely humble though indispensable adjuncts, becomes more and more exceptional and transitory. The morality remains, and brings in its train riches, and often harshness and worldliness far harder than those of ordinary men of the world, because those who indulge them always reflect that if it would but shine (as it possibly may), there is always the inner light to fall back upon. This is the history, not of the Quakers alone, though they display it most strongly on account of the close supervision which their organization enables them to exert over each other. It is also the history of all religious parties and bodies which share their habit of splitting the world into halves. Wesley used to say that one of his chief difficulties consisted in the fact that he was bound to preach industry and honesty, and that he found that if his disciples practised his doctrine, they always became rich, which destroyed the purity of their faith. The fact that forms of faith like these are closely connected with national prosperity, and the fact that they do not seem to know what to do with it when they have produced it, are deeply and equally instructive. They are the strongest of all proofs that no religion can really discharge its functions which does not comprehend the whole of human nature, and point out the links by which goodness and prosperity—the most common actions of life and the highest aspirations of piety—are vitally and indissolubly connected.

* *Friends at their own Fireside; or Pictures of the Private Life of the People called Quakers.* By Mrs. Ellis, Author of "The Women of England," &c. 2 Vols. London: Bentley. 1858.

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By Order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

Crystal Palace, July 1st, 1858.

CRYSTAL PALACE, FRIDAY, July 16th.—GRAND FESTIVAL CONCERT, under the direction of M. BENEDICT, in the large Handel Orchestra.

The following eminent Artists have already accepted engagements:—Madame Lemmans-Sherrington and Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss and Miss Dolby; Herr Deck, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves. The Band, including 40 First Violins, 40 Second Violins, 20 Alto, 20 Violoncellos, and 20 Double Basses (with equal proportion of Wind Instruments), will number upwards of 200 Performers, and be composed of the élite of the Profession. The choir, including the Vocal Association, will number 800 Vocalists, being a total of 1000 Performers. In the course of the Concert Bach's Triple Concerto for three Pianofortes, and Maurer's new Concertante for five Principal Violins, so favourably received at M. Benedict's Concert at her Majesty's Theatre, will be performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace, by the most distinguished artists, whose names will be duly announced. Conductors, M. Benedict and Mr. Manns.

Prices of tickets, 2s. 6d. until Wednesday, the 14th of July; after that date the price will be 5s. Season ticket-holders have the right of admission on the occasion.

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A bill for an injunction on the alleged ground of piracy was filed in the Court of Chancery by Dr. Spiers against the publishers of M. Contanseau's *Practical French Dictionary*. The case was one of the most elaborate in its details ever submitted to a Court of justice, and the argument lasted for 51 hours. It is important to be known that, after an unusually careful and minute investigation by the learned Vice-Chancellor, Sir W. Page Wood, a judgment was given in favour of M. Contanseau, the injunction was refused, and the bill dismissed.

His Honour, after explaining both the plaintiff's and defendant's cases, said he must now enter upon an examination of the external and internal proofs of the alleged piracy. He thought the external testimony was favourable to M. Contanseau. That he began his Dictionary in 1848 or 1849 there was no doubt whatever, for he had the evidence of nine Professors of Addiscombe, who had spoken to his being engaged on his Dictionary for many years. It was favourable to him that he had communicated his intention of publishing such a work to plaintiff, at least six years before its publication. This was inconsistent with any idea of copying or piracy. He had an obvious and natural motive for publishing his work, which was intended for his pupils at Addiscombe. Again, M. Contanseau having an unlimited right to copy the English-French part of Dr. Spiers' octavo Dictionary, in which there is no copyright, he had not, in composing his own Dictionary, begun with the English-French but with the French-English part. Then, further, there was this matter highly favourable to the defendant Contanseau, that he went to a highly respectable publisher, who submitted the work to the revision of an eminent literary man, Dr. Cauvin, who had edited *Brander's Scientific Dictionary*; it was not brought out in a hurry, but with care and revision. It was also favourable to the defendant that he produced his manuscript all written with his own hand. As to the internal evidence, his Honour said, that with respect to Dr. Spiers' *School Dictionary* it was beyond all controversy that there had been no copying at all, and he had therefore dismissed that from his mind at once. The question was thus limited entirely to the octavo French-English Dictionary published in 1849. As to this work, his Honour said that it was the best Dictionary he had ever seen, a work of great research, and of a high character, an excellent book for a library. At the same time, Dr. Spiers had shown a degree of over-weening paternal fondness in claiming originality for his work. His Honour, after enumerating the several points of originality, no less than twenty-three in number, claimed by Dr. Spiers, said that it was absurd to say that many of these things had not been done by any one before. There could be no doubt that, as to his vocabulary and arrangement, M. Contanseau had taken them from *Bescherelle*, and not from Dr. Spiers. The whole question really was reduced to the acceptations in the French-English octavo. With respect to the labour of the investigation made by him (his Honour), he might state that he had spent on the few pages selected for minute investigation by himself, no less than five hours upon each column, and ten hours upon the page, in examining and sifting the defendant's work. He found that M. Contanseau's work went largely beyond a mere abridgment of Dr. Spiers' (octavo, 2 vols.). Indeed, he had seen in the defendant's work, especially in the English-French part, vast improvements which he had not seen anywhere else. Not by any means was every article taken from Dr. Spiers' octavo; much consisted of emanations from the defendant's own brain, some were translations from *Bescherelle*, some taken from other Dictionaries. Then there was the subsequent process of comparing such abridgment with other Dictionaries, revising, striking out, and elaborating. Further than this, there was the second operation of considerable labour, the revision and examination of Dr. Cauvin. The result was, that M. Contanseau had produced an entirely different work from that of the plaintiff, and unquestionably a most valuable and ingenious practical work.

Without denying the merits of Dr. Spiers' large octavo Dictionary, we beg here to call particular attention to the fact that this octavo Dictionary is widely different from his *School Dictionary*, which was at once put aside by the Vice-Chancellor (as stated in the above judgment) as not to be compared with either of the other two works, viz., Spiers' octavo, and Contanseau's *Practical French Dictionary*, which is essentially a *School Dictionary*.

Moreover, we must add here, that the superiority of Contanseau's Dictionary over the *School Dictionary* of Dr. Spiers was admitted in Court, at least for the purposes of the argument, both by Dr. Spiers himself and by his senior counsel, and we believe that a few moments of comparison between those works will convince any one of the superiority of Contanseau's *Practical French Dictionary*.

We would in particular call attention to one distinctive excellence of Contanseau's Dictionary which is not to be found, as a system, either in Dr. Spiers' octavo Dictionary or *School Dictionary*, or in any other Dictionary of the two languages; but it is something which renders Contanseau's Dictionary invaluable to students.

When an English pupil is translating French into English, and he looks into his Dictionary for the meaning of some French word, he will find, perhaps, many English equivalents, from which he must select one; but, in consequence of his knowledge of his own language, he seldom experiences any difficulty in selecting that particular equivalent which best suits the context. Hence it is that, in translating French into English, a Dictionary of very humble pretensions is generally sufficient. But the case is quite different when the student is engaged in the more difficult operation of translating English into French. When he looks out the English word in the English-French part, and seeks for the proper French equivalent, he finds, perhaps, a dozen equivalents "in most admired confusion," and he becomes completely puzzled, because, from his ignorance of the French language, he is unable to pick out the word really appropriate to the subject-matter he is writing about; and the most absurd blunders are the frequent result. This is because the Dictionary which he consults does not tell him how to select the proper French word, and he takes the wrong one. But Contanseau's *Practical Dictionary* supplies this defect, and always gives precise directions which enable the student to select unerringly the French word proper to be used with reference to the subject-matter.

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To—away, *tomber*. To—down, 1. *s'enfoncer, aller au fond*; 2. (fall prostrate) *s'affaisser*; 3. (to lower) *s'abaisser*; 4. (of the sun, &c.) *descendre, se coucher*; 5. (pers.) *se laisser tomber; tomber*. To—under, *succomber*.

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Sink, v.n. [Sank; Sunk] 1. *s'enfoncer*; 2. *aller, tomber au fond; tomber*; 3. *entrer; pénétrer*; 4. *baisser, diminuer*; 5. *s'abaisser*; 6. *descendre*; 7. *tomber*; 8. (pers.) *se laisser tomber*; 9. *succomber*; *périr*; 10. *être abattu; dans l'abattement*; 11. *décliner*; *s'affaiblir*; 12. *dégénérer*; 13. (of prices) *baisser*; 14. (nav.) *couler bas, à fond*.
To—away, *tomber*; to—down, 1. *s'enfoncer*; *aller, tomber au fond*; 2. *s'affaisser*; 3. *s'abaisser*; 4. *descendre*; *se coucher*; 5. (pers.) *se laisser tomber*; 6. *tomber*; 7. *succomber*; *périr*.

The superiority of Contanseau's explanation of the word is too obvious to require comment; and if any corresponding pages of the two books are compared together, it will be seen that this superiority prevails throughout, and is not confined to a few words. In Dr. Spiers' octavo Dictionary, instances occasionally occur in which explanations are given for the selection of a proper word, but they are always given in French instead of English. The peculiarity in Dr. Spiers' Dictionary is attributable to the circumstance that his work was originally produced in France, for the use of French persons studying English; and it is the Dictionary now used in the Colleges in France as the one best suited to Frenchmen. But Contanseau's Dictionary was written specially for English persons studying French, and his DIRECTIONS for the proper selection of French words are given in English, so as to be perfectly intelligible to every English student, and their presence is never dispensed with, as is so frequently the case even in Dr. Spiers' large octavo work. Hence it is easy to understand how much more accurate the pupil's French exercise must be when composed with the assistance of the *Practical Dictionary*. It is this admirable method that renders Contanseau's Dictionary, in the truest sense, a "Practical" one. The same method may sometimes be found, in an imperfect and rudimentary form, in other French Dictionaries; but in Contanseau's it is elaborated into a system. It was principally its great merit in this respect that caused it to supersede, at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and at Sandhurst, the *School Dictionary* of Dr. Spiers, which had before been in use there.

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